THE

NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS COMMERCE

VOL. XIII. B. BONNER, PROPRIETOR, 351 & 353 PEARL-STREET. NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1857. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 23.

THE

TWENTY-THIRD LETTER OF THE ALPHABET.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Once wisdom I rode, with a surprise supreme,
I wedded with Truth, and she was my bride;
Beauty and Love were the guests at the feast,
While the air that endeared the meal
With the raindrop I linger, with whirlwinds I blend,
Dull toil to rule, but to cause-balm destroy!
With the wrath I am strong, and am wakeful with wrath,
Walk in ways of the wicked, yet not in their path:
I am first in a crib, o'er a sarcasm I reign,
With the wounded I mingle, but never complain;
I rose, and I sank, yet from Heaven I fly—
Am the healer to woe, and with sorrow must sigh:
Without me, no language, no song can be found
Whether we sigh, or whose business abound:
Throughout the wide world I reinit the view,
Yet am surprised, am a compound of U!

Hartford, July 15th, 1857.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BION, THE WANDERER;

OR

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "AGNES, THE MAID-SERVANT," "THE ORPHANAGE OF ROSCOW," "RACHEL, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOTTERY OF DEATH.

Jack Wallace caught the poor boy in his arms and placed him upon the thwart behind him, at the same time telling him to have no fear. Then he turned to his companions, and said, in a tone of much power, though not one of them could speak above a hoarse, rumbling whisper,—

"Shipmates, boys,—ye wouldn't do that!"

"Why not?" asked Simonds, who, it will be remembered, was a large fellow, dark and selfish. "We can't live without food. We must have it. We said have it!"

"Aye—we said!" echoed three others.

"Why should all die when the life of one may save me? We won't die! And pray how can we live so? I'm all on fire! I'm burnin' up! I'm dyin'!—I'm dyin'! Obey! would ye have us all die just to save yer boy? No! We're on the last hack! We must have something! Oh! blood! blood! blood!—Death and fury! would ye starve us all when the boy can save us?"

Jack saw that the men were mad, but he hoped yet to turn them from their plan. He knew that some one must die—he knew it well, as well—for when men reach such a point, the reason is gone; and man without reason at once becomes the most merciless of brutes.

"Say, boys," he urged, "ye wouldn't be such cowards as to take the boy without a fight! It's a chance with the rest. He's got a whole life afore him, while you and I have lived and spent part of ours. No, no,—if ye must have blood, let's draw lots for it. If ye must save live by the death of another, yet'll at least be honorable about it. Who did more'n this boy to save the ship? Who's stood his watch more regular, or done his duty more truly here? I know ye won't be all cowards!"

"That's right—That's the true doctrine," said Teddy.

"Very well," returned Barbour. "If that's the way, let's be at it quick."

And still Jack feared for the boy. A strange presentiment was upon him that the fatal lot would fall to Bion. Yet he could not say that any decisions of dying men. He saw the fire in their glaring eye-balls, and he read their minds for blood in the firm clenching of the teeth and hands. Suddenly his countenance brightened up. The boy should be saved! If the lot fell on him, as likely he—he—would die himself!

"Good!" gasped Rolfe. "Death to all here afore ye move. Let's have the lots!"

"How shall Bion draw?" asked Jack.

"Look!" suggested Nat. "Let Bion go for'rd, and for 'em himself, and then we'll each draw."

This was pondered upon until its fairness was appreciated, and Bion all agreed to it.

Accordingly Bion took the Navigator—a large book—and a piece of black white paper, and then went forward, where he cut eight slips—seven of them being about six inches in length, and the eighth only three. He then placed them in the book, with an inch of the ends projecting, and returned to the rest in the afterguard.

"No man shall touch two pieces," said Nat. Anderson.

"Of course not," added Jack. "The piece first touched must be chosen."

"Who shall draw first?"

"Let the boy call over the names."

That was agreed to. Bion moved the book upon his knees, and then gazed around upon the men before him. His eye rested upon Jack, and the thought struck him that the man who picked first would have the most to select from, and thus seemingly gain by it. Of course it was natural that it should appear so to the boy, though in reality there was not, and could be, no such advantage. He would have called Jack's name first, but the old sailor saw it, and quickly uttered,—

"Call the rest first!"

Bion then turned, and in a tremulous, fainting tone, called,—"Simonds!"

Simonds reached forth his hand—it stopped over the book and trembled—then a slip was seized and drawn forth.

"It's a short one!" he gasped.

"No!" returned the boy.

The stout man breathed less quickly, and moved back.

"Aaron Rolfe!"

The second man reached forward, but he did not hesitate. He was mad, and thirsting. He drew forth a paper—cast a quick glance at its length—then looked at the slip which Simonds had drawn. His was of the same length! He was not to die!

"Peter Barbour!"

The large fellow trembled like an aspen. He put forth his hand, and grasped nervously upon the six remaining slips.

"Come!" growled Rolfe, furiously, "don't be all day at it!"

The trembling man seized a slip, and with a convulsive movement drew it forth. It was a long one!

Next came Nat Anderson. He moved slowly, but he did not stop. He drew his lot—and he was safe!

"Quick's the word!" cried Teddy, as he started forward at the call of his name. And he, too, was safe!

Henry drew next, and his paper was of the same length with the others.

Only two slips were left! And only Jack and Bion to draw!

"Let 'em be!" whispered the old man, choking with emotion. "I'll die!"

"And leave your poor old mother!" returned Bion.

"I'll die!"

"Draw!" pronounced the boy, extending the book towards his guardian and friend. "Either draw, or let me die! Oh, Jack—my dear, good friend—let me be the one! You leave a poor old mother waiting for you to come home. Say you'll let me die!"

"No, no, I'll draw!"

Jack raised his hand over the two slips, and then it rested for some moments.

"Hurry!" hoarsely howled Simonds.

"You'll have blood soon enough—ever fear!" returned Jack. "Now be guard upon the papers. He finally seized one, and drew it slowly and carefully out. It came up—up—up—too long—too long for the fatal lot.

"Not that one!" he uttered, as he saw that he had already drawn out enough to snatch the others into half an inch.

"It's yours!" cried the boy, at the same time snatching the book away, and tearing a long slip from the book. "*Here's the short one!*" he added, drawing forth the single remaining slip, which was not over half the length of the others.

"Now that's settled," said Simonds, at the same time rising from his seat. "Come, boy!"

"Why—why!" shrieked Jack, starting to his feet, and pushing Bion behind him. "Ye shan't harm a hair of his head. Wait!—O, wait! Wait till noon!"

"Why wait?" growled the stout, mad man. "Would ye have us all die? By the lords of darkness, you've had yer turn, say, and ye should be satisfied. What say ye, boys? Are ye goin' to be fooled by Jack Wallace any more?"

"No!" growled Rolfe. "Bring the boy here! I'm dyin' now! Bring him on, I say!"

Bion then had put down the book he had been at the helm, having taken it when Jack pushed him back. The wind had been freshening since morning, and was now blowing a good stiff breeze, and almost dead aft at that, so that the boat was flying on at a good speed.

"Hold on one minute!" begged Jack. "Let the boy say his prayers."

"Ha!" yelled Simonds, drawing his knife, and starting towards the stern-sheets. "While he's a-prayin' the rest'll die! No more o' yer nonsense. Come, my boy!"

"I'll die!" exclaimed Wallace, reaching forth his hand to keep Bion in his seat.

But the boy had made up his mind. He had suffered his prayer, and had acted God to take him to his mother.

"Let me say one word to Jack!" he said, placing his hand in his bosom, and drawing the golden locket half out. It will be but a single moment."

When the boy arose he, of course, let go the tiller, and in the fearful excitement of the moment no one else thought of taking it. The consequence was, the boat yawed widely—the wind caught the mainsail upon the other side, and as the heavy boom came sweeping over, it struck Bill Simonds in the back, and carried him overboard! In an instant Bion sprang back and pushed the helm hard down, and as the boat came up he sung out for some one to haul in the sheets.

Anderson quickly landed in the main sheet, and Teddy McGrath landed in forward. Simonds was struggling in the water on the beam, and his position was such that he could not be reached at once. As the boat had been directly before the wind when he fell overboard, he had, of course, been left "in the wind's eye," and consequently he could only be reached by tacking.

All the poor fellow was too weak to hold himself up, and before they could reach him, he sank to rise no more.

The poor boy found it hard to relinquish his life now. That struggle created a reptile had broken down the former resolution, and the drowning of Simonds had drunk a new dread of death to his soul. He arose to his feet—he was about to ask them to wait until noon—when something directly in the water at the stern caught his eye.

"*Sail, ho!*" he shouted, with all his power; and then, entirely overcome, he sank down, and was caught by Jack.

"In the quarter of in the direction Bion had pointed out, and saw a vessel coming swiftly down upon them. Her being right between them and the sun, prevented them from seeing her more. She was a small craft, with three lug-of-mutton sails, and was standing directly towards the boat.

The sea-swallows put their frail craft to the wind, and then seized whatever they could lay their hands upon for distress signals. The vessel came down—she passed the boat—and ere long Jack Wallace had a line in his hand from her deck. He hastened forward and made it fast to the painter, and then sank down. He had no power to haul in upon the line—he could only wave his hand to the strangers, and then point to where he had made fast. They understood him, for the line was at once hauled in, and in a few moments the boat was alongside.

One by one, the exhausted, haggard men crawled up over the vessel's side, until they were all aboard.

"*Water! water!*" yelled Rolfe, placing his hands to his mouth. And others called for water, too.

The strangers understood. The vessel was from Martinique, and was bound from the Isle of Bourbon to Tunstave, on the coast of Mozambique. They understood the call for water, and the sufferers were at once conducted to where a large cask was lashed to the rail with a small mizzen-mast in the stern. Some one had knocked in the wooden lid that stood by, and filled it to the brim; and, with small cups, the sufferers were supplied, one to his lips,—nor did he remove it until the last drop of water was gone!

Another dish was brought, and so Henry filled the kid and moved back. Barbour pumped some into the second vessel, Jack warned them not to drink too much; but they heeded him not. Like crazy men, as they were, they poured the water down without even stopping for breath, and the Portuguese did not interfere. They had seen that there were some valuable articles in the boat, and they probably thought if the Americans killed themselves with water, it would be for their advantage.

JACK WALLACE ASTONISHING THE OLD JEW ROBBER.

Jack Wallace drew Bion away, and sought the captain of the vessel. The old sailor could speak a little French, and thus he was able to make himself understood. He asked for a little wine, at the same time offering to pay for it in things from the boat. Bion whispered to Jack that he had some money.

"Ah! Don't let these chaps know it," uttered Jack; "they'll have all we've got in the boat, at any rate; and if they find we have money, they'll have that, too."

The captain led Jack and the boy into a low, dirty place, which he called his cabin, and from a large willow basket he produced a black, square bottle, and a pleasant drinking-cup. The wine was pure and good, but Jack thought it best to mix a little water with it. He did so, and then each Bion sip some of it.

"I understand this thing," he said, as the boy raised the cup to his lips. "Better drink a little at first. Ah, the others would 'a' been wise if they'd 'a' listened. But they wouldn't. O—ye may drink a little more—there—that'll do for now."

Jack then applied the cup to his own lips, and as the strong bottle and Bion were made strengthened and invigorated. Food was produced, and at the end of an hour the old sailor was startled by a man's coming down and crying out, in his own unintelligible jargon, some frightful piece of intelligence. But Jack knew his meaning, and at once hastened on deck, where he found Rolfe already dead, and Henry, McGrath, and Barbour in the most fearful spasms. He did all he could for them, but they had sealed their own fates; for, in less than ten minutes, they were all three dead!

Anderson had listened to Jack's advice, and was saved, though he suffered some. The five ill-fated men were buried with a simple ceremony, Jack repeating such parts of the Episcopal burial service as he could remember, and consigning the bodies to the sea with his own hands.

Towards the latter part of the afternoon, the three surviving members of the boat's crew were able to eat a hearty meal, and before they retired, they felt quite well. On the following morning they arose refreshed and strong, and reached the deck just in time to see the southern cape, or headland, of the Bay of Tunstave, upon the larboard bow, the town being in sight ahead.

At that height of which the vessel came to anchor close by the shore, and the first movement of the captain after this was to question Jack about his boat. The latter had at first feared, or suspected, that the Portuguese would want everything; but he soon learned to think if Jack would give up all the boat, with all its rigging, he would be satisfied. Of course, Jack had no objections to this. He knew the boat was valuable, and that the Portuguese had suffered less than three dollars' expense on their account; but when he remembered that his life had been saved, and that the noble boy had been preserved from a fate ten thousand times worse than starvation, he had no desire to quibble about trifling matters.

The captain of the vessel wanted a paper of some kind, certifying that he had legally bought the boat, and during the night Jack was taken ashore by himself to see if his possession should think to make it. Bion went with him, and, after some consultation, the notarial dictation of Jack and Nat, the Portuguese was satisfied. He could not read a word of it; but he had closely watched the face of the Yankees while they were preparing it, and he was sure they had dealt honestly.

Jack, Bion, and Nat Anderson were carried on shore, and they found a sort of inn, kept by an Arabian, named Amar Khaleh. They had a room together, and during the night Nat was taken sick. Jack hurried out for help, but he was soon satisfied that he could find no physician at that time of night, even though there were one in the place. So he returned to his chamber, where he found Nat out of bed, and dancing around on the tiled floor. The old sailor was startled, for he saw too plainly that the poor fellow was out of his senses; but by dint of persuasion and force, and a few promises of the most extravagant character, he at length succeeded in getting him back in bed.

Bion had just started to bring the medicine-chest, which had been brought along, when Nat gave a leap from the bed, and fell at full length upon the floor, where he struggled for a few moments, as though trying to rise. Jack took hold of his arm, but there was no resistance. At that moment, a stream of blood issued from the mouth!

Nat Anderson was dead! He had not been so careful as he should have been. During the day he had eaten and drunk to excess, and a fatal derangement of the heart had followed.

Jack Wallace and Bion Bernard stood by the corpse of their companion, and gazed sadly and mournfully upon the sudden change.

"Ah! Bion," said the old seaman, wiping a tear from his bedimmed eyes, "you and I are all that's left of the crew of the old ship: and we're among strangers, in a strange land!"

CHAPTER XX.

AN ILL-STARRED ADVENTURE!

When Jack Wallace and Bion had seen the last rites paid to the memory of their dead companion, they returned to their inn, and began to look around for an opportunity to dispose of their material instruments and other effects. They had two excellent compasses; two quadrants; a full set of mathematical instruments; a lot of charts; two chronometers; and several other things—the whole being really worth over three hundred dollars. The circumstances themselves were worth over a hundred each. They at length found a purchaser in an old Jew who kept a small shop where he sold everything that people would buy, and that he could steadily keep.

At the end of an hour's bantering—the old fellow could talk English enough for trading purposes—he had agreed to offer up to one hundred dollars. Beyond this he would not go, and Jack finally closed the bargain. He took his money in gold, and left the articles with the Jew.

For several days after this the two wanderers remained at the Arab's inn, waiting for some vessel in which they might get away; but none came. They were resolved to take passage in the first vessel that left for any port where American or English vessels were in the habit of stopping; for they might remain a whole year where they were, and not see such a craft. And then they must find some one to be victimized for their funds could not hold out long. Their best charge for nearly for all that they had, and their small pile was rapidly disappearing. Bion had only five dollars when he left the wreck, and Jack had some, which he had saved from the wreck, and found on the Adelaxne, but it had been stowed in the run, under the cabin floor, and at the time of the rescue the situation of the ship the previous coin was not to be under water to be of any use. Jack said something might turn up. And so there did.

One night, after they had parted with just half of their funds, Jack and Bion met a man in a small. Their room was on the back side of the building, overlooking the inn-yard and garden. Jack had fallen asleep, but not so Bion. The boy was thinking of the past, and wondering if he should ever see his faithful ay in life dear. He was looking forward to manhood, and hoping that the gentle girl would be his companion and wife to be with. Such thoughts were often with him. When he was alone, and his mind was not busied with the circumstances then present, his thoughts went away to his mother and to Gloss.

As Bion thus lay gazing upon a spot on the wall where the moonbeams lay, he saw the shadow of some object fall upon the wall from the night pines. In a moment more it returned, and presently he heard a voice in the window. He looked back and woke him up.

"What is it?" the latter asked, rubbing his eyes.

"I think somebody's trying to get in at the window," answered the boy.

Jack immediately reached under his pillow and drew forth a pistol. He glanced around, but his gaze towards the window, which was at the opposite side of the room, was almost instantaneous, and the sash swung open two hundred hinges. Jack saw it opened, and the head and shoulders of a man were plainly revealed in the moonlight.

"It's that old Jew!" whispered Bion, who could see the face plainly.

"Aye—you're right, my son. But hold on. Don't let him see that we're awake."

Slowly and noiselessly the man crept into the room, and so adroitly did he make every movement that the sounds of his approach to the bed would have been awakened by them. Even the opening of the door would not have been so detected by the boy as it was, only for the fact that the shadow on the wall gave him the alarm; and hence the almost imperceptible sound that came from the bedroom hinges was noticed as explanatory of the widening of the spot of moonlight.

The interloper crept along half way across the room, and then he stopped to look. Jack could see very plainly now that it was the Jew of whom he had received the hundred dollars. The old villain had doubtless come to get back part of his money.

"Jack!" whispered Jack, as the old rascal stopped.

They both waited as though they were sound asleep, and the Jew once more advanced, crouching low upon his hands and knees, and keeping his eye fixed upon the bed. Jack lay so that he could watch the fellow easily. His pistol was cocked, and ready for use at an instant's warning.

Both the lodgers had thrown their clothing over

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

an old stool that stood close by the head of the bed, and the money was in an inside pocket of Jack's waistcoat. He had never taken the precaution of putting it under his pillow, as he lacked and burrowed at his door in such a manner that he was sure no one could enter there without arousing him. He had never thought of the window as a place of egress for robbers.

The old Jew made out the least particle of noise as he crept up to the stool where he saw the garments. Had Jack been a sleeper he would have awakened at the first touch of the hand; but the slight noise he made was not enough to disturb the slumbers of the man, in a solid body of flesh and bones could move so silently as a zephyr. But then there was no spirit about that individual—far from it.

Finally, the interloper reached the stool, and began to lift the clothing. The ladyers moved away as leisurely as could be; but could any one have got a fair view of Jack's eye during the operation he would have seen a bright twinkle there which bade fair sleepers don't indulge in. The trousers were taken down first; and then the waistcoat. A slight sound was heard to issue from the Jew's lips as he felt the weight of the latter garment. He ran his right hand quickly over it, and ere long he held the purse in the hand. It was a rough purse, which Jack had fashioned from an old boxing, and the robber could not at once recognize it as the one into which he had seen the gold put. As all results he grasped the prize and turned. His head hid his eyes from the moonlight on the bed, and then crawled away. He had got half way across the room when Jack sprang up, gave him a kick, tugged to the floor, and with one bound stood by the rascal's side.

"Ah! you miserable, sneakin' old skunk, you! —I've got ye, have I? I'll see this point, old Humphrey! Just look at it! It's loaded with two balls!"

It was some moments ere the wretch could speak. He was so completely taken aback that he could not work off until he had somewhat collected himself.

"Say, old Shylock! D'ye see this point?"

"Oh!—Oo-oo!" gurgled the robber, trying to unclasp Jack's finger's from his throat. "Be no use for but John! O—oo—let me go, now! Mercy! Mercy for—for—no room vare vat you calls him —dreasure in here, vat is dreasure which his. Yash —yash—it is him vat I try for find!"

"Look here, you miserable old Blunderbore, what d'ye call that?" cried Jack, snatching the purse from his hand.

"Eh?—O—oh—yash—I finds him. He be new clothes by dor door—I finds him. Yash—I warn go for find him—but dor money which Mr dor keep dab hands. Ah—yash—dat ish."

"And what did you want with the man who keeps that house?"

"Ah—I vas want find him for give dish bure to mit I fash."

"Yes, yes, old Shylock—I see. But how'd ye get into this room?"

"Eh?"

"How'd ye get in here? How'd you get way into this room?"

"O—yash. I comes in dor door. Yash?"

"Ye did, eh? Look an here! Ye're a old villain! Look at that, I say!" cried Jack, giving the Jew a whirl towards the door.

The fellow saw how the place was barricaded, but he was not yet down.

"O—yash," he gasped. "Yash, yash. Me see him so, and me got him back."

"Get out with ye like, ye miserable old Blunderbore. But now look ye: I saw ye come in at that window! And I saw ye crawl up to my bed! And I saw ye take this purse out of my pocket! Now give me two hundred dollars and I'll let ye go free!"

At first the Jew did not understand the; but Jack soon sharpened up his understanding by shoving his the point.

"Now you list look here, old Shylock!" said the Yankee, slowly and emphatically, and speaking plainly, so that the Jew might understand, "you see this point—you see this? Now to rob me—you steal my purse—I find it in your hand—I see you get in at my window—I see you crawl up to my bed!—Now, by God," continued Jack, gesticulating with this pistol as he went on, "nobody will blame me. Every body will be glad. Give me two hundred dollars, and I'll let ye go. But if you don't, ye'll ever see your head on."

"O—loo—oh—"

"Two hundred dollars—Jist as much as you gave me the other day, and jist as much more."

Though the wretch had understood Jack's meaning; and then he began to assert once more that he came honestly into the room, that he only had his own property in his hand, and that he had a legal claim to it, he found that he was in the clutches of a man who was not to be trifled with longer. He felt fully justified in the course he was pursuing, and there was a spirit of good will in his motive, too, for he believed the authorities would visit the fellow to death if he was convicted of breaking into a house and robbing. The Jew reasoned, itself, and the Yankee determined to get it. He had not at first thought of this; but now that he came to reflect a moment he remembered that he had once seen a man hung upon a tree for robbing an old woman's house.

"Well, well," he said, giving the Jew a closer grip upon the neck, and jerking him towards the door, "I'll agree to the bargain. I'll carry ye to the judge and tell him all you've been doin'! Come along!"

This frightened the old rascal far more than did the former threat. He struggled and kicked, and tried to break away; but Jack only hurt him the more, so he dragged to the door.

"I vont go, Jack, for vat vill vat others?"

"Come along, old Bloodybone! I'll see what they'll do to ye when I tell 'em how ye broke into this house and stole my money!"

"I give you de dat's vat you will tin John."

"What d'ye open? I want my five chairs! Give me two hundred dollars, and I'll let ye go."

The Jew begged and bed, but all in no purpose. Jack had removed the barricade and got the door unbolted, when the villain gave in. He promised to bring the money on the morrow. But that didn't do. Jack knew too much for that. He said he'd go home with the old scamp and get the money at once. And to this the Jew was finally obliged to consent. It came back, but there was no help for it. His captor would not budge an inch, and he knew he had the choice between giving two hundred dollars or his life.

"Only think," will Jack, "how easy I could get more if I wanted to. But I only want enough to take me out of this place."

Then speaking Jack handed the pistol to Ben, and bade him shoot the villain if he moved away from the spot where he stood. Then he proceeded to dress himself; and having done this he signed to the Jew and told him he was ready. He took the pistol, remarking to him that he might stay in the room, and take the other pistol if he wished. The Hebrew declined—he feared the fellow. The boy chose to remain, and his protector then opened the door and left the building for a walk.

The Hebrew's residence was not far off, and they reached it without meeting a soul. Jack had gained the inside old Ishmael again tried to beg off, but his captor was firm, and the gold was brought forth. He counted out the hundreds, and declared that was all he had.

"Then you come along," said Jack, seizing him by the collar.

At this moment, as the old sailor grasped him, the Jew started as though a momentous thought had struck him.

"Ah—Ah! Hold on, John! Me bring him!"

"Look ye," the Yankee said: "If ye aren't back in just one minute I'll blow his brains out."

"O—no—vone, John."

The young robber Jew disappeared within an inner room; but Jack kept his ears open, determined to give chase if he heard him making off. The old man was gone but a few moments, however, and in his hand he brought not a money-bag, but a purse.

"Yar—yar—for meetin be in dis big box," he said, and as he spoke he threw the box open that its first came in, down on the floor.

He tried the key, but it would not fit. Then he found another, and that would not fit by and by, just as Jack was becoming impatient, the chest was opened. The last look out a small bag, which he had brought it to the counter, and then took out another clothes.

"Dare—dat ish all."

"No, no—I want another!" cried Jack, seizing the bag with one hand, and still holding the pistol in the other.

At this moment the small door that led into the rear apartment was thrown open, and half-a-dozen ragged urchins rushed in.

"Oh! Murder! Robbers! You rob all my gold!" yelled the Jew, as he heard the new-comers enter.

Poor Jack! He saw his situation in a moment! He had fallen in the act of robbing, and the very boy with a pistol in his hand! Acting upon the first impulse that came to him, he made a desperate effort to reached the street. He knocked down two of his assailants and then took to his heels. But there was in a pre-arranged plan for executing or fighting, for the offices of the terrible band through which he had fallen were now all upon him. He was overtaken ere he had reached the main street, and surrounded by a dozen more when the thickest told his story to his kinsmen. Jack could translate his story by his frantic gestures. The old rascal could tell by the fact that prisoner—the American sailor—had come to rob him. He had been discovered in the act, and perform all acts of horrible things if he could not get rid of the fellow home!

What could Jack do? He understood it now. When he let the Jew go into the other room he had aroused some of his friends, and they had told all the officers; and then he had contrived to delay him, and keep him in a position at the right end. He might as well have talked to so many mules as to the ragamuffins who surrounded him crowed. As soon as the Jew had told his story the multitude rose and was taken.

The confederates hid in a long distance, through several narrow streets flanked by low, miserable houses, and then they were brought into a court-yard where seemed to be fashioned of stone. Into this they were taken, and there they found that they were forced to stoop, and pretty soon a man came with a torch. A hole, looking somewhat like a well, was then opened, and finally the prisoner was led away and cast into a narrow dungeon, where there was nothing save the bare walls and floor. A small hole was shut upon him—he heard a heavy bolt thrown, and something like a chain was put through it. He was left alone!

Jack Wallace knew the character of them people too well. Since he had been there he had learned something of their hatred of foreigners, and he knew that no mercy could be shown to him! He saw, the more he thought of the circumstances, how foolish he had been to trust to Jew. What would his story amount to? He had been caught in the very act of driving gold from Jew, and he was in the custody of a pirate! The Jew could swear that he (Jack) had been to his house with the intention of robbing him.

And then the hour of his visit—one midnight! What human could credit a statement of that kind from his lips at that time? Alas! things looked dark, indeed! Jack thought of them, and his strength, for a few point, gave fairly away, and he sunk down upon the cold stone floor!

CHAPTER XXI.

MARSHAL.

How smiled for hours upon over half an hour, but he could keep awake no longer. He had not slept at all that night, and as he was both weary and hungry, he could not help but succumb to the drowsy god. He lay down upon the floor, and Jack came when he pleased. So he went and shut the window, and then closed the door of the room which to secure it he drew the sash to and looped the leathern fastening over a nail. He placed the remaining pistol where he could reach it in case of need, and after this he lay down, and was soon asleep.

When the boy awoke the sun was shining into his room. He started quickly, and looked around him. Then he rubbed his eyes, and gazed again. He was alone, surely! He called for Jack, but no Jack answered. He placed his hand upon the rough bed where Jack had lain, but there was no warmth there! He then looked at his watch and perceived upon the events of the night before. He remembered the robbery, the capture, and the jail, and he called to mind the scene that followed. Jack had gone with the villain to get two hundred dollars. Would not a man who would break into a house and rob, commit a murder if he had provocation?

Ben leaped from his bed and went to the door. It was just as he had left it when he went in, and had not been back since he went out with the Jew!

The boy knew how frightened the old miser had been, and how Jack had threatened to expose him. If he had got his enemy into his own house, out of the way of the officers, would he not be apt to death if he could? The more the boy pondered on the more fearful he became that his friend was murdered. He threw on his clothes as quickly as possible, and was upon the point of rushing out, when a second thought restrained him.

"I have got to act for myself," he said, as he moved back to the bed and sat down. "I am among strangers, and may be among villains. If the Jew has murdered good old Jack, he will be sure to put me out of the way if he knows I suspect him." Again his thoughts, and then spoke on:—"It may be that Jack will's dead, but only just away somewhere. And yet, if I would see him from the spot where he stood. Then he proceeded to draw himself; and having done this he signed to the Jeward told him he was ready. He took the pistol, remarking to him that he might stay in the room, and take the other pistol if he wished. The Hebrew declined—he feared the fellow.

The boy chose to remain, and his protector then opened the door and left the building for a walk.

The Hebrew's residence was not far off, and they reached it without meeting a soul. Jack had gained the inside old Ishmael again tried to beg off, but his captor was firm, and the gold was brought forth. He counted out the hundreds, and declared that was all he had.

"Then you come along," said Jack, seizing him by the collar.

At this moment, as the old sailor grasped him, the Jew started as though a momentous thought had struck him.

"Ah—Ah! Hold on, John! Me bring him!"

"Look ye," the Yankee said: "If ye aren't back in just one minute I'll blow his brains out."

"O—no—vone, John."

The young robber Jew disappeared within an inner room; but Jack kept his ears open, determined to give chase if he heard him making off. The old man was gone but a few moments, however, and in his hand he brought not a money-bag, but a purse.

"Yar—yar—for meetin be in dis big box," he said, and as he spoke he threw the box open that its first came in, down on the floor.

He tried the key, but it would not fit. Then he found another, and that would not fit by and by, just as Jack was becoming impatient, the chest was opened. The last look out a small bag, which he had and

KATY.

BY ALICE CARY.

Will you come and be my love, Katy,
My sweetheart, good and true?
I'm waiting in the grass with world
To live for—only you.

You, and a little patch of grass
All tender-bright and bright,
With a rose-bush growing over me
That used to be my light.

You shall be safe from ill, Katy,
As never rose has been;
The morning-glory by the door
Shall hardly dare look in.

And when I'm sleeping in the fields,
Or when the storms I feel,
I'll always bring you rain, Katy,
The sweetest flowers I find.

And when inside our watery den,
With silence hard, you wait,
I'll whisper low to you, Katy,
When I kissed you first, my Kate!

DIVORCED.

A STORY FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

BY MARY W. STARNEY GIBSON.

The bell of the "Old South Church" tolled seven. At the sound, a young and beautiful lady, who sat in the drawing-room of one of the handsomest houses in B——, street, started from her meditations, and pressed her hand convulsively upon her breast.

"It's almost time for his return," she murmured to herself. "Yes—there is his step upon the stairs."

A slow, heavy tread came up the stairs, and passed a moment in the passage outside. The lady still stood erect, but she became visibly pale and laid her hand upon the back of an arm-chair, to steady herself.

A moment of intolerable waiting passed—then the door opened, and a handsome man with snow white hair, apparently some sixty years of age, entered, and stood before her.

Edwin Fortescue was a man well known in State street!—a man whose name was a fortune in itself! Ever since the world had been favored of speculators, he was envied by thousands. His house was the first—his horses the most elegant—his dinners the most recherche of any in Boston. And when, in spite of his white locks, and sixty years, he brought a young and beautiful bride to preside over his house, he seemed to have touched the pinnacle of good fortune! Every one was wearing their awe assured that the proud, young bride had been bought by gold, and not truth in her purchaser. But they were wrong. In her early girlhood, Julia Percival had loved deeply and truly, and had been so bitterly and heartlessly deceived, that, after the first wild anguish passed away, her heart and mind became turned into stone. Beautiful, witty, elegant and fashionable, she sparkled in every society and in every circle, the acknowledged queen of the night—but it was as the diamond sparkles—coldly—if gloriously. The courteous gentleman of the world—the offers of love from the adulation of the brainless fools around her—pleased her not in the least. In time she learned to love him—for, indeed, as she had loved at first—but briefly and tenderly. In spite of the remonstrances of her friends and relatives, she married him—and for a year lived the life of a happy child—happy, because it is potted, caressed—and loved!

For a year she had gladdened the old man's home—for a year she had held her hand upon his breast, each night—and now, for the first time, they were at variance—for the first time she had dreaded to hear his step—for the first time they stood together with averted faces and angry looks—neither willing, yet each wishing, to break the unusual silence between them.

The old man went towards the window, and leaning heavily against the Venetian blind, looked out into the gas-lit street. Some good angel prompted her, as she gazed at those white locks, and that bowed head, to glide into his arms, and say, "Dear Edwin, forgive me!" but the impulse was resisted, and feeling her arms she suddenly slowly up and down the room, displaying a figure of majestic height and proportion, perfect in an evening dress of rich and tasteful material.

"Julia!"

She paused in her walk, and the youthful face, full of sullen anger and impudence, was turned toward, and held in his eyes.

"I see you are determined to disregard my wishes," he said, in a tone of cold severity, "and to have on an evening dress, and you wear your diamonds."

"Yes, sir."

"And why?" he asked, angrily.

She came closer, lifted her proud head, and looked him steadily in the face, aside answered,

"Because I am going to the opera with Mrs. Fortescue, and afterward to the ball at Madame Bonjabaire's."

The old man grew white about the lips.

"Julia, I told you once it was not a proper place for you. Your French acquaintances——"

"Mr. Fortescue, allow me to recall you to yourself. She is a lady of high rank and position, and my fashionable friends frequent her assemblies."

"They would not, if they only knew all. Julia, I am tell you one thing about that woman that will make you shun her. When I was in Paris, years ago——" he hesitated and stopped.

"Well, go on," said his wife, half guessing the truth, and feeling a dreary pain in her heart.

"That woman—then Sophie Caillot—was a declasse upon the steps of one of the minor theatres."

He looked earnestly at his wife, as he made the revelation. But the only drew a long breath of intense relief. He had feared the beautiful French woman had been to him what he should have blushed to name before a virtuous and refined female.

"You must have been mistaken," she answered coldly. "And even if you were not—she is visited by all my friends—so where is the harm?"

"The harm, Julia?" said the old man, with trembling tenderness, "I cannot see my young and innocent wife in such society—you must not go—you shall not!"

She laughed lo: rapid walk, but at those words she stopped and faced him again, with a look of pride and anger.

"Mr. Fortescue," she said, in a singularly low sweet voice, "you speak yourself. I am no child or slave—I shall go to the opera at once."

"And after that, Madam—after that!" thundered the old man, turning pale with rage, at this audacious reply.

After that, I shall drive to Madame Montpalatine with my mother," she said in the same calm voice.

He stamped his foot upon the floor, and ground his teeth in rage.

"And after that, madam, by the stars above me, you may drive home with your mother, and never see my face again! I will not have a disobedient wife—do you hear? If you go to Madame Montpalatine's, I shall know it."

"Oh, I suppose you are going yourself, though it is such an improper place for me," she said, with a mocking laugh.

"Yes, Julia, I am going, to see if you are there. If so, remember that this house is no more your home."

No human eye could express more scorn and indignation than the young lady cast on as he spoke.

"I accept the conditions," she said, as she turned to leave the room. "And, as I shall certainly be there—adieu, monsieur, forever!"

She made him a graceful and profound courtesy, and swept out of the room. The unhappy old man sunk down upon a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"My God! has she left me like this? Is it then true, that she took me for my gold, as so many have said? Has she acted a living lie during the happy year? It must be so, if she can leave me forever, so carelessly. And like a wizard!"

He listened eagerly for her step upon the threshold once again. It did not come, but in her place her bell was sounded violently, and the sound of carriage ordered. He started up with clenched hands, but sunk down like he said again, and groaned bitterly.

With a sprrior of an hour, he heard the carriage roll away, and knew that she had left him forever!—without a word, too!

"Well—let her go," he said, rising from his chair, and going into his own dressing-room. "It is the last time a woman shall have it in her power to wring my heart like this!"

Hastily, all his feelings were sway, and the beautiful Mrs. Fortescue had exchanged her adoration and regret, for her natural pride. Then as she sat, the centre of an eager group, telling fortunes, with a pretty imitation of a professed Sibyl, that night every one who saw her said, "To her mother she had confided all her troubles—to her mother's home she had returned to weep!" But he who looked on her proud and beautiful face, as full of scorn and gayety, or met the flashing glance of her large dark eyes, would have dreamed of the sorrow that lay hidden in her heart. Those who saw me in the world, that gayety was all false and hollow.

"Leave the good offices of the beautiful Sibyl for me," said a low voice to the hostess, who stood by the group.

"Mrs. Fortescue, permit me to present to you the Count de Vere," and the hostess, with a few words of conversation around, and Julia, scarcely looking up, bowed to the stranger, and sat silent and cold.

"My friend would hear of his good fortune—shall he come to me, or shall I go to him?" he quietly pursued the French lady.

"It is not necessary—let him extend his palm," said Julia, wearily.

A white, exquisitely-shaped hand, with a diamond ring glittering on the third finger, was laid gently on the arm of the chair beside her. She turned pale, and a slight contraction passed over her lips. She had placed that diamond there, years before, with the hand of Frederick Travers, her early love!

Her woman's pride came to her aid, before she had compromised herself in the eyes of those who had seen her agitation. She looked calmly up in the beautiful face she had seen in her dreams again, and met the triumphant glance of the large blue eyes with a quiet smile.

"The Sibyl is weary of the task," she said, sighing and giving him her hand. "Count Travers, I am rejoiced to see you. I did not pay much attention to your introduction—to my cut-throats, my thoughts were far away, I should know you anywhere, my old friend sooner. Do you stop long with us?"

"Only a few days," he answered carelessly, as he bent above her hand. He had fancied her still the smiling, dimpling school-girl, whom love for him had been manifest to every one—and to find this brilliant, self-possessed woman of the world, who commanded her manners and emotions, most as skillfully, puzzled and annoyed him.

"You have changed much, Julia, with the years' burden—Mr. Fortescue," he said, as the circle began to, by degrees, all know each other, and thus bowed bend, to glide into his arms, and say, "Dear Edwin, forgive me!" but the impulse was resisted, and feeling her arms she suddenly slowly up and down the room, displaying a figure of majestic height and proportion, perfect in an evening dress of rich and tasteful material.

"Julia!"

She paused in her walk, and the youthful face, full of sullen anger and impudence, was turned toward, and held in his eyes.

"I see you are determined to disregard my wishes," he said, in a tone of cold severity, "and to have on an evening dress, and you wear your diamonds."

"Yes, sir."

"And why?" he asked, angrily.

She came closer, lifted her proud head, and looked him steadily in the face, aside answered,

"Because I am going to the opera with Mrs. Fortescue, and afterward to the ball at Madame Bonjabaire's."

The old man grew white about the lips.

"Julia, I told you once it was not a proper place for you. The French acquaintances——"

"Mr. Fortescue, allow me to recall you to yourself. She is a lady of high rank and position, and my fashionable friends frequent her assemblies."

"They would not, if they only knew all. Julia, I am tell you one thing about that woman that will make you shun her. When I was in Paris, years ago——" he hesitated and stopped.

"Well, go on," said his wife, half guessing the truth, and feeling a dreary pain in her heart.

"That woman—then Sophie Caillot—was a declasse upon the steps of one of the minor theatres."

He looked earnestly at his wife, as he made the revelation. But the only drew a long breath of intense relief. He had feared the beautiful French woman had been to him what he should have blushed to name before a virtuous and refined female.

"You must have been mistaken," she answered coldly." And even if you were not—she is visited by all my friends—so where is the harm?"

"The harm, Julia?" said the old man, with trembling tenderness, "I cannot see my young and innocent wife in such society—you must not go—you shall not!"

She laughed lo: rapid walk, but at those words she stopped and faced him again, with a look of pride and anger.

"Mr. Fortescue," she said, in a singularly low sweet voice, "you speak yourself. I am no child or slave—I shall go to the opera at once."

"And after that, Madam—after that!" thundered the old man, turning pale with rage, at this audacious reply.

After that, I shall drive to Madame Montpalatine with my mother," she said in the same calm voice.

He stamped his foot upon the floor, and ground his teeth in rage.

"And after that, madam, by the stars above me, you may drive home with your mother, and never see my face again! I will not have a disobedient wife—do you hear? If you go to Madame Montpalatine's, I shall know it."

"Oh, I suppose you are going yourself, though it is such an improper place for me," she said, with a mocking laugh.

"Yes, Julia, I am going, to see if you are there. If so, remember that this house is no more your home."

No human eye could express more scorn and indignation than the young lady cast on as he spoke.

"I accept the conditions," she said, as she turned to leave the room. "And, as I shall certainly be there—adieu, monsieur, forever!"

She made him a graceful and profound courtesy, and swept out of the room. The unhappy old man sunk down upon a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"My God! has she left me like this? Is it then true, that she took me for my gold, as so many have said? Has she acted a living lie during the happy year? It must be so, if she can leave me forever, so carelessly. And like a wizard!"

He listened eagerly for her step upon the threshold once again. It did not come, but in her place her bell was sounded violently, and the sound of carriage ordered. He started up with clenched hands, but sunk down like he said again, and groaned bitterly.

With a sprrior of an hour, he heard the carriage roll away, and knew that she had left him forever!—without a word, too!

"Well—let her go," he said, rising from his chair, and going into his own dressing-room. "It is the last time a woman shall have it in her power to wring my heart like this!"

Hastily, all his feelings were sway, and the beautiful Mrs. Fortescue had exchanged her adoration and regret, for her natural pride. Then as she sat, the centre of an eager group, telling fortunes, with a pretty imitation of a professed Sibyl, that night every one who saw her said, "To her mother she had confided all her troubles—to her mother's home she had returned to weep!" But he who looked on her proud and beautiful face, as full of scorn and gayety, or met the flashing glance of her large dark eyes, would have dreamed of the sorrow that lay hidden in her heart. Those who saw me in the world, that gayety was all false and hollow.

"Leave the good offices of the beautiful Sibyl for me," said a low voice to the hostess, who stood by the group.

"Mrs. Fortescue, permit me to present to you the Count de Vere," and the hostess, with a few words of conversation around, and Julia, scarcely looking up, bowed to the stranger, and sat silent and cold.

"My friend would hear of his good fortune—shall he come to me, or shall I go to him?" he quietly pursued the French lady.

"It is not necessary—let him extend his palm," said Julia, wearily.

A white, exquisitely-shaped hand, with a diamond ring glittering on the third finger, was laid gently on the arm of the chair beside her. She turned pale, and a slight contraction passed over her lips. She had placed that diamond there, years before, with the hand of Frederick Travers, her early love!

Her woman's pride came to her aid, before she had compromised herself in the eyes of those who had seen her agitation. She looked calmly up in the beautiful face she had seen in her dreams again, and met the triumphant glance of the large blue eyes with a quiet smile.

"The Sibyl is weary of the task," she said, sighing and giving him her hand. "Count Travers, I am rejoiced to see you. I did not pay much attention to your introduction—to my cut-throats, my thoughts were far away, I should know you anywhere, my old friend sooner. Do you stop long with us?"

"Only a few days," he answered carelessly, as he bent above her hand. He had fancied her still the smiling, dimpling school-girl, whom love for him had been manifest to every one—and to find this brilliant, self-possessed woman of the world, who commanded her manners and emotions, most as skillfully, puzzled and annoyed him.

"You have changed much, Julia, with the years' burden—Mr. Fortescue," he said, as the circle began to, by degrees, all know each other, and thus bowed together. "I never fancied you half so lovely as you are now."

"Pray, spare your compliments," she answered, with a languid smile. "You and I know the worth of them too well."

He bit his lips.

"A very cutting change, I suppose," she added, in the same light tone. "Here am I, an old married lady—and you——"

"Is your husband here?" he asked, quickly.

"No."

Her color changed, and she felt a keen pain at the heart as she spoke. But she kept on gayly.

"He is too stupid and wise to follow in my fatherly track, you know."

"Julia, answer me one question."

He then spoke and threw upon her face, as if they would read her very soul. But she was on her guard.

"What is it?" she asked, lifting her bouquet to her lips.

"Do you love your husband?"

"With my whole heart and soul."

The earnest lover-like tone was shouted, for truth was in her voice and face and eye.

At this moment, Madame Montpalatin came gliding up.

"Come, good people, don't stand here sentimentalizing!" she said, gayly. "We want you for a waltz, with the rest."

"I shall sit out dance," pleaded Julia, but she was overruled by their joint entreaties, and gilded away in the music chamber, with the group of Frederick Travers encircling her waist, and his dark blue eyes bent upon her flushed face, with an intense admiration, only less exalted in its species than who stood around.

Suddenly, the room seemed whirling around to Julia, and her partner bore her out of the throng. She had seen a face, that haunted her in her waking hour, and soon she was face to face with him. He did not move or stir—he only looked at her, with a look that she could never forget, and yet to let them pass. He had recognized Travers at her early love, and guessed at her wrong, for the smoke him hard as ascetic.

"Julia," he whispered—and disturbing a fore or from the bouquet, she toffed it to him, with an satanic smile. With a force calk, he pressed it beneath his feet, and turned away.

"Edwin! Oh, my God!"

She turned white, and fell senseless upon the floor at his feet. Frederick Travers lifted her in his arms—her mother, who had seen all, hurried to her side, and the ball broke up in great confusion. Fortescue stood a moment and gazed upon her pale face; then struck Travers lightly upon the shoulder, and flung him his card.

"You will hear from me, sir," said the haughty Englishman, turning white with rage, yet still holding the senseless Julia in his arms.

"At your service, sir."

The measly old man strode through the frightened crowd and gained his carriage. Ten minutes after, Mrs. Fortescue rode home with her mother, and the gay crowd dispersed, to talk and wonder at the strange and sudden separation and the approaching duel.

CHAPTER II.

For some days Frederick Travers and Edwin Fortescue were absent from the city. When they returned, with two gentlemen who had acted as friends in the affair, the handsome Travers looked still more interesting with the wide black ribbon bandage that supported his disabled right hand and arm. It was nearly three months after he arrived, that he met Julia, with her mother, upon the promenade. She was looking pale and ill, and her eyes fixed themselves upon the scarf with painful interest.

"I have been so anxious since I have been out of town," she said, glancing round, as if fearful of being overheard. "Are you wounded?"

"Only slightly, and that almost over now, give yourself no uneasiness."

"Julia, my love," whispered her mother, "the is quite impolitic. What will people say to see you two together here?"

"They choose, mother," she answered recklessly, and turned to Travers again.

"And how—are you?"

"I am happy to tell you he was not. But, Julia——my I hope——"

He paused, abashed, as her large dark eyes fixed themselves full upon his face.

She took her mother's arm and swept away. As she passed Travers, she whispered her address. She started and turned pale. Such looked in the other's face, and read the misery there—but both were silent. Julia passed on, and Travers gave her maternal Julia to spring towards him with an impulse of joy, but she checked herself in time, and looked back, and Travers bowed distantly and passed on. Julia was the middle-aged wife of a rich old neighboring bon-t, and his meeting face was the first since the unhappy husband encountered as he re ceived his wife.

"Upon my word, Julia, you are enough to drive a man to distraction," said Mr. Percival, sulkily, as the carriage drove away. "How ridiculous you were to faint at the sight of your foe!"

"Mother, I love him!" said the poor pale lips.

He has treated you shamefully, Julia. He has driven you from your home, and almost your name by a duel. Do be content to let him alone for a time, and keep hurry out of it."

"Poor Edwin. He looks ill and unhappy!"

"Julia, I wish you to be silent. You are a child, in a paroxysm of virtuous indignation. Julia, I wouldn't tell you of it before, but he has gone to Europe."

"Oh, mother—no! Anything but that!—anywhere in my absence, but on the third day, was laid gently on the arm of the chair beside her. She turned pale, and a slight contraction passed over her lips. She had placed that diamond there, years before, with the hand of Frederick Travers, her early love!

Her woman's pride came to her aid, before she had compromised herself in the eyes of those who had seen her agitation. She looked calmly up in the beautiful face she had seen in her dreams again, and met the triumphant glance of the large blue eyes with a quiet smile.

"The Sibyl is weary of the task," she said, sighing and giving him her hand. "Count Travers, I am rejoiced to see you. I did not pay much attention to your introduction—to my cut-throats, my thoughts were far away, I should know you anywhere, my old friend sooner. Do you stop long with us?"

"Only a few days," he answered carelessly, as he bent above her hand. He had fancied her still the smiling, dimpling school-girl, whom love for him had been manifest to every one—and to find this brilliant, self-possessed woman of the world, who commanded her manners and emotions, most as skillfully, puzzled and annoyed him.

"You have changed much, Julia, with the years' burden—Mr. Fortescue," he said, as the circle began to, by degrees, all know each other, and thus bowed together. "I never fancied you half so lovely as you are now."

"Pray, spare your compliments," she answered, with a languid smile. "You and I know the worth of them too well."

He bit his lips.

"A very cutting change, I suppose," she added, in the same light tone. "Here am I, an old married lady—and you——"

"Is your husband here?" he asked, quickly.

"No."

Her color changed, and she felt a keen pain at the heart as she spoke. But she kept on gayly.

"He is too stupid and wise to follow in my fatherly track, you know."

"Julia, answer me one question."

He then spoke and threw upon her face, as if they would read her very soul. But she was on her guard.

"What is it?" she asked, lifting her bouquet to her lips.

"Do you love your husband?"

"With my whole heart and soul."

The earnest lover-like tone was shouted, for truth was in her voice and face and eye.

At this moment, Madame Montpalatin came gliding up.

"Come, good people, don't stand here sentimentalizing!" she said, gayly. "We want you for a waltz, with the rest."

"I shall sit out dance," pleaded Julia, but she was overruled by their joint entreaties, and gilded away in the music chamber, with the group of Frederick Travers encircling her waist, and his dark blue eyes bent upon her flushed face, with an intense admiration, only less exalted in its species than who stood around.

Suddenly, the room seemed whirling around to Julia, and her partner bore her out of the throng. She had seen a face, that haunted her in her waking hour, and soon she was face to face with him. He did not move or stir—he only looked at her, with a look that she could never forget, and yet to let them pass. He had recognized Travers as

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

ONE COPY THREE.—Single copies, $3 per annum; two copies, $5; four copies, $8; eight copies, $15. Postmasters and others will be supplied with a single copies at $1.50. The party who sends us $15 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy free. It will be useless for parties to write us asking us for our terms, after they have seen a club. We should family paper like the Ledger, containing no advertisements, and beautifully illustrated, unless we offered it at less than these terms. We do not want any clubs formed in places where there are news offices publishing the Ledger regularly in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Cannot undertake to send specimen copies. Money should be sent by the safest conveyance, to us the American News Company will receive it at any point. The safest mode of all upon paying bank notes is to get a Bank draft on the city where remittance is sent, it will be prefered, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party presents himself to act as such over our name, down as a swindler. The best way to get up our paper is at the bank and procedural stores; but if you choose, not to do that, call on us, then you can send us two orders, and we will mail it to you.

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.

GEO. D. PRENTICE,	FANNY FERN,
JOHN G. SAXE,	MRS. SIGOURNEY,
SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,	MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
EMERSON BENNETT,	MRS. DENISON,
T. S. ARTHUR,	EMMA ALICE BROWNE,
DR. S. P. BROWNE,	SALADIN SARATOGA,
CARLOS D. STUART,	MARY STANLEY GIDDON,
WM. HENRY ESKINE,	MRS. VAUGHAN.

In addition to the above occasional or regular correspondents, nearly all of whom write only for the Ledger, we are favored with occasional communications from many other popular writers, as will be seen by reference to our columns from week to week. We pay liberally for all contributions popular and eminent writers, in order to secure a constant and ever fresh supply of the best and most readily papers in the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the circulation of any two other papers.

LAW.

As we care for ourself to progress in civilization, especially under our voluntary, free form of government, we must stand by the laws of the land, general and local, to the spirit of the letter. Laws are peaceably done away by the machinery (legislation) that created them. Only so far-fetched, weakest all law. Better by far have the bad law rigorously enforced, than in any degree violated by anybody. Obedience to law, particularly law of man's own making, is one of the crowning glories of the human character. By the instinct of the law-abiding are the restraints on the oppressions of law, man's true enlightenment and strength are kept in check. Without perfect obedience to law, all is anarchy. Society tendril, and the State crumbles to ruin. Indeed, there is no limit to the evils possible in a community where there is no recognized law, but the passions, prejudices, and passions of the citizens. Those, the strongest hand and the heaviest blow must rule. We speak of law in a nutshell (like my own), where sure, peaceful remedies for unjust relief are near to the people, and where justice is sure, is best upheld by suffering a lesser evil, rather than create a greater.

"Order is Heaven's first law."

so should it be earth's and ours; and respected law is the soul of order. Without it, society is real and scattered, and confusion and misery ensue. Even the worst despotism of individual will is better than the fevered impulse and passion of mobs. Hence the mad law by the proper means, but we to those who counsel civil disorder, whatever of other remedy is left. Hiring law and its adjudicators (the courts) into contempt, and the State's bulwarks are gone. Man therefore and destroys himself amid the anarchies of lawless society. We speak on this subject because the times are provocative of serious counsel and warning. Let not the self-sovereign, law-making people disappoint the best political hope of the world, by showing themselves incapable of self-government. Already have we been on the verge of such an exhibition. We must look at our duty and the right and keep away. We must bear much—aye, bear all from legislation, rather than appeal to tumultuary tribunals. Our country lies here, and somewhere the fate of all history—all experience. Let us be wise, and be great. We can only be so by an ever firm maintenance of law—constitutional law!

RETRIBUTION.

The world is full of grumblers—a lazy, selfish crew, who wait to get everything for nothing. Your grumbler spends the money, which should be employed in earnest, productive labor, in complaining of his ill luck, of the hardness of life, and the partiality of fortune. If he is high in the social scale and sees a friend who has worked hard and amassed a fortune, preparing for a trip to Europe with his family, the grumbler wants to know why he can't go to Europe as well as other people? He says, in a general, censorious way, that if he should choose to do like *some folks*, he could spend as he also have fine houses, and spend his summers abroad.

The grumbler whose lot is cast among the poor always turns green with envy and spite when he sees his industrious, hard-working neighbor supplying any of the little social pleasantnesses of life, which, God knows, the poor have every right to gain. When he hears that his neighbor, who commenced life with and was poor as he, has actually bought and paid for a house, the grumbler at once wants to know "where he got his money?" darkly hints that "it is dishonest," and he will even take much comfort in it?" and philosophically suggests that, "whether wealth does a man any good or not, depends very much on how he gets it."

We commend grumblers. They are unpaged able nuisances.

PHRENOLOGY.—Some time ago, in answer to a correspondent, we promised our readers a series of editorials on this subject. We have been collecting the material for the articles; but are not yet prepared to write them. In the meantime, we refer those interested in the matter to the reply to "A Mourner," in our "Notices to Correspondents" this week, for an endorsation of our views.

ORIGINAL POEMS will be found in our columns this week from the pens of the following distinguished writers: Geo. D. Prentice, Jesse G. Saxe, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Alice Cary, and Carlos D. Stuart.

RELIGION IN THE REPUBLIC.

Skeptics towards Christianity often, indeed almost perpetually, argue the weakness of its claims to divinity, or super-excellence, because of the great diversity of sects professing, and of creeds professed by it. They hold, that if Christianity is of divine origin, it should and would unite all its devotees under one creed and in one sect, and thus create a perfect unity of Christians. Such they contend, would be the result of an intelligent study of the principles of nature and the wonderful of the controlling spirit. How short-sighted and mistaken are all such views. If all men, seeking one object, were to rush over precisely the same track, society would be interminable confusion, chaos, and war.

In religion, as in everything else of importance to man, liberty of action is here wisely arranged that mankind shall seek certain ends, but shall run in various paths. By one thing God would have happened to the world, and which bitterly affected it for ages, was the almost entire suppression, or subversion, of Christendom to the creed and rule of a certain sect. So vast a power and oppressive actually against temporal welfare, and doubly thrown into the hands of the comparatively few who train and discipline the priesthood, that the cry of being tamed, more or less, to vicious account.

We say thank our stars, that of the country the greatest diversity exists of and among religious sects, inasmuch that no one sect is able to impose itself—is despotic—upon the world or any of the other. No one has, or can get, a balance of power—a majority—by which to control and enforce burning heretics. Religionists, wherever strong in numbers, naturally aspire to temporal power. Religion is "for God's sake," though they may have the devil's own ends in view. They want temporal power exclusively to spread religion, that is really to magnify ecclesiasticism and glorify self. The most possessors of power corrupts man in the aggregate he appears.

Until lately, in this Republic well we shall just so long as the Church is broke into fragmentary sects. Danger will come only when one sect gets a preponderance of numerical force, and when it can impose its spirit on unbelievers by the rule of temporal power. Then will be the danger of divine religious sects ever uniting against "the world, the flesh, and the devil." Then will be the time when bad good haters as differing creed-men. They would sooner leave the world to its own perdition, than use temporal power to compel it to their purpose. Hence we have a very safe state of things in respect to the future of Christianity and religion. Its diversity of creeds diverts it of temporal ambition, and it progresses as it does only from temporality it gains in spiritual attitude and power.

GOOD ADVICE FROM A LORD.

Recently, at a meeting of the Council of Education in the British House of Lords, on an article in the London Quarterly, entitled "Popular Education in France," Lord Taunton remarked that, with regard to the education of the people, he was not in favor of compulsory law, a breach of the privileges of their Lordships' House (but not when one should it be in contact with the press—because as there! He remembered, on one occasion he friend, at a public meeting in the city, that he would not go so pro as to propose that the Lord Mayor should be sent to prison for a week for not sending his children to school. He felt much interest in the subject, and was glad to see that the Government had taken it up. He thought that the Government could not do better than to follow the example of the French Government in this matter. With regard to the newspaper press, he would not go so far as to say that it was the best method of education, but he thought it was a powerful means of education. He (Lord Taunton) could not help thinking that the newspaper press had done much to educate the people of this country, and, as a legislator, he was not disposed to neglect that powerful means of education.

Lord Brougham is right; and the advice he gave Her Majesty could be followed with advantage by everybody who is unjustly vilified by a class of editors who are constantly on the look-out for gratification of their own personal and malignant feelings. Such attacks, it is always best to treat with utter silence. An honest man's life is his best vindication. Whoever has endeavored to live an honorable, good, and upright, and noble, will come out right and triumphant in the end. Let every man be his own critic. Let him look into his country and his God, and it must follow that his life will in the main be successful, and crowned with triumphant in its close, where triumph is worth the most. Therefore, dear reader, always endeavor to live under the eye of God, and be well reconciled. It, always do right—always love the right—always cultivate the good—always hate the evil—and you then preserve your equanimity—maintain a calm and perfect indifference, though all great powers should combine to misrepresent, assail and vilify you. Be alike indifferent whether they abuse or praise you. Go on and down your road to your elevated to the other.

"True happiness is to no spot confin'd,
If you preserve a firm and equal mind,
'Tis here, 'tis there, 'tis every where."

MARY PATTEN, THE OCEAN HEROINE.

Most of our readers have heard of Mrs. Patten, the heroine of the ship Pocahontas, who saved by her husband's ship round Cape Horn, bores from the Pacific. She is a lady who worked hard and amassed a fortune, preparing for a trip to Europe with his family, the grumbler wants to know why he can't go to Europe as well as other people? He says, in a general, censorious way, that if he should choose to do like *some folks*, he could spend as he also have fine houses, and spend his summers abroad.

The grumbler whose lot is cast among the poor always turns green with envy and spite when he sees his industrious, hard-working neighbor supplying any of the little social pleasantnesses of life, which, God knows, the poor have every right to gain. When he hears that his neighbor, who commenced life with and was poor as he, has actually bought and paid for a house, the grumbler at once wants to know "where he got his money?" darkly hints that "it is dishonest," and he will even take much comfort in it?" and philosophically suggests that, "whether wealth does a man any good or not, depends very much on how he gets it."

We commend grumblers. They are unpaged able nuisances.

PHRENOLOGY.—Some time ago, in answer to a correspondent, we promised our readers a series of editorials on this subject. We have been collecting the material for the articles; but are not yet prepared to write them. In the meantime, we refer those interested in the matter to the reply to "A Mourner," in our "Notices to Correspondents" this week, for an endorsation of our views.

ORIGINAL POEMS will be found in our columns this week from the pens of the following distinguished writers: Geo. D. Prentice, Jesse G. Saxe, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Alice Cary, and Carlos D. Stuart.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"MOTHER'S ROOM."

Mother's room! How we look back to it in after years, when she who sanctified it is herself among the sanctified. How well we remember the simple, sacred spot—the white bed, standing near, those the worn in our eyes for having recited to them so many prayers—the old-fashioned and wide, divided from us perhaps by barriers more impassable than the cold, blue sky. Mother's room! Not the sun shone in so cheerily upon the flowering plants in the low, old-fashioned window sills, which seemed to us to have blossomed at the least touch of her caressing fingers; on which no blight or mildew ever appeared more than the sin from which outlived all our childish waywardness, all our childish folly. The cozy arch upon which childish feet were never forbidden to climb; upon which curly heads could dream, unchidden, the fairy dreams of childhood. The closet which held our toys, and dolls and bibles, and whips, and tops, and upon whose upper shelves, out of reach, cold-blooded parents kept the baleful sugar and palm—bitterness and sadness! Mother's room! Where we always the very spring we wanted; the light-stand round which we gathered, and threaded needles (would we had threaded more!)—the mantel-piece, with its quaint vase; and the cheerful fire that smiled across it in many a wintry night.

Mother's room! where our maternity fed us—where our little ones to kiss the wrinkled face, beautiful with its halo of goodness; where we looked on the sleeping face, framed in quiet repose, and mingling lovingly with the silver hairs; where—how the pensive of parent corrupts man in the aggregate he appears.

Until lately, in this Republic well we shall just so long as the Church is broke into fragmentary sects. Danger will come only when one sect gets a preponderance of numerical force, and when it can impose its spirit on unbelievers by the rule of temporal power. Then will be the danger of divine religious sects ever uniting against "the world, the flesh, and the devil." Then will be the time when bad good haters as differing creed-men. They would sooner leave the world to its own perdition, than use temporal power to compel it to their purpose. Hence we have a very safe state of things in respect to the future of Christianity and religion. Its diversity of creeds diverts it of temporal ambition, and it progresses as it does only from temporality it gains in spiritual attitude and power.

GOOD ADVICE FROM A LORD.

Recently, at a meeting of the Council of Education in the British House of Lords, on an article in the London Quarterly, entitled "Popular Education in France," Lord Taunton remarked that, with regard to the education of the people, he was not in favor of compulsory law, a breach of the privileges of their Lordships' House (but not when one should it be in contact with the press—because as there! He remembered, on one occasion his friend, at a public meeting in the city, that he would not go so pro as to propose that the Lord Mayor should be sent to prison for a week for not sending his children to school. He felt much interest in the subject, and was glad to see that the Government had taken it up. He thought that the Government could not do better than to follow the example of the French Government in this matter. With regard to the newspaper press, he would not go so far as to say that it was the best method of education, but he thought it was a powerful means of education. He (Lord Taunton) could not help thinking that the newspaper press had done much to educate the people of this country, and, as a legislator, he was not disposed to neglect that powerful means of education.

Lord Brougham is right; and the advice he gave Her Majesty could be followed with advantage by everybody who is unjustly vilified by a class of editors who are constantly on the look-out for gratification of their own personal and malignant feelings. Such attacks, it is always best to treat with utter silence. An honest man's life is his best vindication. Whoever has endeavored to live an honorable, good, and upright, and noble, will come out right and triumphant in the end. Let every man be his own critic. Let him look into his country and his God, and it must follow that his life will in the main be successful, and crowned with triumphant in its close, where triumph is worth the most. Therefore, dear reader, always endeavor to live under the eye of God, and be well reconciled. It, always do right—always love the right—always cultivate the good—always hate the evil—and you then preserve your equanimity—maintain a calm and perfect indifference, though all great powers should combine to misrepresent, assail and vilify you. Be alike indifferent whether they abuse or praise you. Go on and down your road to your elevated to the other.

"True happiness is to no spot confin'd,
If you preserve a firm and equal mind,
'Tis here, 'tis there, 'tis every where."

MARY PATTEN, THE OCEAN HEROINE.

Most of our readers have heard of Mrs. Patten, the heroine of the ship Pocahontas, who saved by her husband's ship round Cape Horn, bores from the Pacific. She is a lady who worked hard and amassed a fortune, preparing for a trip to Europe with his family, the grumbler wants to know why he can't go to Europe as well as other people? He says, in a general, censorious way, that if he should choose to do like *some folks*, he could spend as he also have fine houses, and spend his summers abroad.

The grumbler whose lot is cast among the poor always turns green with envy and spite when he sees his industrious, hard-working neighbor supplying any of the little social pleasantnesses of life, which, God knows, the poor have every right to gain. When he hears that his neighbor, who commenced life with and was poor as he, has actually bought and paid for a house, the grumbler at once wants to know "where he got his money?" darkly hints that "it is dishonest," and he will even take much comfort in it?" and philosophically suggests that, "whether wealth does a man any good or not, depends very much on how he gets it."

We commend grumblers. They are unpaged able nuisances.

PHRENOLOGY.—Some time ago, in answer to a correspondent, we promised our readers a series of editorials on this subject. We have been collecting the material for the articles; but are not yet prepared to write them. In the meantime, we refer those interested in the matter to the reply to "A Mourner," in our "Notices to Correspondents" this week, for an endorsation of our views.

ORIGINAL POEMS will be found in our columns this week from the pens of the following distinguished writers: Geo. D. Prentice, Jesse G. Saxe, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Alice Cary, and Carlos D. Stuart.

IMMIGRATION.

Scores of thousands—and, some years, hundreds of thousands of Europeans are annually immigrating to the United States. If the number were doubled or trebled, there would still be room and welcome for all. The New World sends greeting and invitation to the Old. Let us, however, have a word with the emigrant. There is a fair field in the United States for every honest, industrious European who chooses to come hither. But the emigrant must consider that what is true of cities in Europe, is true of ours—they offer no colonial home, no asylum for the poor man. Cities everywhere are overrun, and all kinds of employment are crowded with competitors, and cheapened there by competition. It is to our country that we invite our oppressed and suffering brethren of the Old World. To our farm-fields, railways, canals, mines, and a thousand varieties of labor, each honorable and remunerative, and conferring plenty and independence upon the honest, industrious working man. Keep away from the cities, in coming to America. It is quite enough to land in them. They are full of the scum of three sharpers from the Old World, who lie in wait to swindle their countrymen. Once in the country, the emigrant is sufficiently on his own hands, there is no fear of anything to want, if one has health and disposition to do. How many millions of dollars our native and adopted citizens have combined to send back to the fatherland, to help from hopeless of glad hearts and relatives arms to our shores. How many of these, in our free land, have risen from poverty to wealth by the exercise of thought, speech, action—and have our institutions, which respect the man, and not the class or rank—and our schools, diffused over everywhere to crush out caste, and level all but merit and intellectual distinctions. With free soil and land, the poorest denizen of the Old World may look forward to competence to America. With health and a small grow up around him, honored and honored, knowing no difference between the genuine and the pretender. Bring your children to the industrial classes of the Old World. If they have trades, it is all the better; but with only a good education, and their own hands, their way is clear. High wages and cheap land, bid them come. Free religious institutions and universal suffrage bid them come. From the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean, there is room—room—room, next territory, bid them come. A thousand enterprises requiring, and will requiring, their skill and labor. Across the passage of the Atlantic is become quick and cheap. The avenues to better fortunes are open—the welcome is free—the hospitable and generous—our self and climate—for the most part sanitary—the land is the globe. Therefore, down-trodden and oppressed people. There is space for you all, even though Europe were to empty herself. Come to our country, and your stout hands and honest hearts shall be crowned with happiness and plenty.

ASTOUNDING GREENNESS.

The greenness and folly of some people are utterly astounding. For example: A few evenings since a musician, who will subscribe himself "A friend of Friends," (whose acquaintance he had made only the day previous, at the hotel where he was stopping,) and whom we will designate as Mr. A. and Mr. B.) to see the worst side of New York life, which is also the most fascinating side, to the dash and prurient minds. After visiting certain places of questionable repute, and their dancing-gangs and other bogus delights, they stopped in at a theatre. While there the two "friends" got into a box, and began to sup very freely on Shakespeare's plays, and Mr. A. incidentally remarked that the great dramatist had written a pretty much regret at not having been able to attend the opera-singer daughters of Washington, whom he highly esteemed. This remark was received with an explosion of laughter by the dashing associate, the illusion seeming to be especially diverted thereby. This led to a dispute as to whether Shakespeare was a musician, Mr. B. finally maintained that he was a composer of Washington, which B. said he considered nonsense on the idea, and at A.'s ignorance. The latter became enraged, at last, that he pulled out his pocket-book, and taking ten one-hundred dollar bills therefrom, offered to bet a thousand dollars that he was right. This staggered Mr. B., but on examining his wallet he discovered that he had accidentally left the money at his room at the hotel.[1] He could only raise $200; but the bet was made "on the nail," and so he asked the stranger to lend him the $750, and go halves in the speculation. The the merriment eagerly did, and the money was produced in the hands of a "stakeholder," who happened to be standing near by, and the bet was made. A and B immediately left the parties then started for the theatre saloon, where the bet was to be decided, B. and the stakeholder being in advance. The latter reached the saloon and waited some minutes for A. and Mr. Montague, who, not appearing, B. set out to look for them. He rushed to his hotel, but they were not there, nor did the clerk know anything about them. No such people had ever been known to call at all. The merchant then told his story. The clerk laughed, and told him he was "green." "You will never see those fellows again. They've done you down and buttered you on that bet, and now if you don't look sharp the rest of the gang will cut you alive!" The merchant hurried to the theatre, and found himself, as nearly as may or possible, feeling that there was no safety for him in this world, and that everybody was a villain, that Shakespeare was not a contemporary of Washington.

[1] Rather a bad excuse for a bet, but a good one for a story.

THE GALA DAYS OF VILLAINY.

Rebellion has had high carnival in New York those many days. Brazilian and villains, high in authority, and low in the scale, have strode through the streets with the effrontery of cynicism; and the confidence have bowed in scorn at the righteous and honest, have fawned together in the branch of their own footsteps to the sound of the confessional of the public administration of the municipal affairs of the Metropolis of America.

But we cannot expect we view this state of things if presents melancholy and humiliating phenomena. The one hand ambitious, reeking, and scourge villainy; and on the other hand a gentle, vacillating, disgusting pusillanimity. Oh, for an honest, brave and executive man—a Napoleon or a Jackson, to blow these knaves and cowards to one indiscriminate mass of carrion, so they could be buried out of the sight of men, and no longer offend the eye and conscience of decent people.

PATIENCE.—Our friends always wish us to be something which we are not; it is only our enemies that wish us to remain as we are.

IMMIGRATION.

Scores of thousands—and, some years, hundreds of thousands of Europeans are annually immigrating to the United States. If the number were doubled or trebled, there would still be room and welcome for all. The New World sends greeting and invitation to the Old. Let us, however, have a word with the emigrant. There is a fair field in the United States for every honest, industrious European who chooses to come hither. But the emigrant must consider that what is true of cities in Europe, is true of ours—they offer no colonial home, no asylum for the poor man. Cities everywhere are overrun, and all kinds of employment are crowded with competitors, and cheapened there by competition. It is to our country that we invite our oppressed and suffering brethren of the Old World. To our farm-fields, railways, canals, mines, and a thousand varieties of labor, each honorable and remunerative, and conferring plenty and independence upon the honest, industrious working man. Keep away from the cities, in coming to America. It is quite enough to land in them. They are full of the scum of three sharpers from the Old World, who lie in wait to swindle their countrymen. Once in the country, the emigrant is sufficiently on his own hands, there is no fear of anything to want, if one has health and disposition to do. How many millions of dollars our native and adopted citizens have combined to send back to the fatherland, to help from hopeless of glad hearts and relatives arms to our shores. How many of these, in our free land, have risen from poverty to wealth by the exercise of thought, speech, action—and have our institutions, which respect the man, and not the class or rank—and our schools, diffused over everywhere to crush out caste, and level all but merit and intellectual distinctions. With free soil and land, the poorest denizen of the Old World may look forward to competence to America. With health and a small grow up around him, honored and honored, knowing no difference between the genuine and the pretender. Bring your children to the industrial classes of the Old World. If they have trades, it is all the better; but with only a good education, and their own hands, their way is clear. High wages and cheap land, bid them come. Free religious institutions and universal suffrage bid them come. From the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean, there is room—room—room, next territory, bid them come. A thousand enterprises requiring, and will requiring, their skill and labor. Across the passage of the Atlantic is become quick and cheap. The avenues to better fortunes are open—the welcome is free—the hospitable and generous—our self and climate—for the most part sanitary—the land is the globe. Therefore, down-trodden and oppressed people. There is space for you all, even though Europe were to empty herself. Come to our country, and your stout hands and honest hearts shall be crowned with happiness and plenty.

ASTOUNDING GREENNESS.

The greenness and folly of some people are utterly astounding. For example: A few evenings since a musician, who will subscribe himself "A friend of Friends," (whose acquaintance he had made only the day previous, at the hotel where he was stopping,) and whom we will designate as Mr. A. and Mr. B.) to see the worst side of New York life, which is also the most fascinating side, to the dash and prurient minds. After visiting certain places of questionable repute, and their dancing-gangs and other bogus delights, they stopped in at a theatre. While there the two "friends" got into a box, and began to sup very freely on Shakespeare's plays, and Mr. A. incidentally remarked that the great dramatist had written a pretty much regret at not having been able to attend the opera-singer daughters of Washington, whom he highly esteemed. This remark was received with an explosion of laughter by the dashing associate, the illusion seeming to be especially diverted thereby. This led to a dispute as to whether Shakespeare was a musician, Mr. B. finally maintained that he was a composer of Washington, which B. said he considered nonsense on the idea, and at A.'s ignorance. The latter became enraged, at last, that he pulled out his pocket-book, and taking ten one-hundred dollar bills therefrom, offered to bet a thousand dollars that he was right. This staggered Mr. B., but on examining his wallet he discovered that he had accidentally left the money at his room at the hotel.[1] He could only raise $200; but the bet was made "on the nail," and so he asked the stranger to lend him the $750, and go halves in the speculation. The the merriment eagerly did, and the money was produced in the hands of a "stakeholder," who happened to be standing near by, and the bet was made. A and B immediately left the parties then started for the theatre saloon, where the bet was to be decided, B. and the stakeholder being in advance. The latter reached the saloon and waited some minutes for A. and Mr. Montague, who, not appearing, B. set out to look for them. He rushed to his hotel, but they were not there, nor did the clerk know anything about them. No such people had ever been known to call at all. The merchant then told his story. The clerk laughed, and told him he was "green." "You will never see those fellows again. They've done you down and buttered you on that bet, and now if you don't look sharp the rest of the gang will cut you alive!" The merchant hurried to the theatre, and found himself, as nearly as may or possible, feeling that there was no safety for him in this world, and that everybody was a villain, that Shakespeare was not a contemporary of Washington.

[1] Rather a bad excuse for a bet, but a good one for a story.

THE GALA DAYS OF VILLAINY.

Rebellion has had high carnival in New York those many days. Brazilian and villains, high in authority, and low in the scale, have strode through the streets with the effrontery of cynicism; and the confidence have bowed in scorn at the righteous and honest, have fawned together in the branch of their own footsteps to the sound of the confessional of the public administration of the municipal affairs of the Metropolis of America.

But we cannot expect we view this state of things if presents melancholy and humiliating phenomena. The one hand ambitious, reeking, and scourge villainy; and on the other hand a gentle, vacillating, disgusting pusillanimity. Oh, for an honest, brave and executive man—a Napoleon or a Jackson, to blow these knaves and cowards to one indiscriminate mass of carrion, so they could be buried out of the sight of men, and no longer offend the eye and conscience of decent people.

PATIENCE.—Our friends always wish us to be something which we are not; it is only our enemies that wish us to remain as we are.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

It is sometimes almost as amusing as painful to observe the effect of the prevalence of fashion in a community. Even the tallest aligns catching. Some of the most open-eyed people, when they first rise once chased with delight. As to fruits, it is fruitless to put your hand before them, every apple is forbidden to the dessert is deserted, currants are no longer current; a is not plucked from a pair; and still more of the fashion forsake their French wives and take to Part as the only safe barrier against the entire ebbing of the very moment they must want to keep them up; and a few put themselves almost on their knees from being too outward appearance they liable to turn sour.

A newspaper may be prosperous as they lower as neither beneath his fair consistent while living, will raise above after death to make his survivors look small. They use the laurels from your head to hang them on your back. You succeed, and in the end they drag you down with. They honor your death, and then do their best to make you live.

A DISTINGUISHED physician says in one of his medical lectures, which consisting of about three hours, that the more he knows the more he knows how little he knows, and the more he knows how little he knows about himself, finally they certainly live under the same roof.

In a state parts of the country the indies, it is said, have sho-shoed short dresses and are going to the opera in them. This is a step in the right direction somewhat longer. If the various goes much further, the ladies will be able to go to church without any dress at all.

A WRITER in the Railroad Magazine says that "the most successful men are those who have received the smallest trained." "Oh!" said a son of Erin, "if that's true, I'm the most successful man in all Ireland, then a week."

CORRESPONDENT of a Medical journal suggests that hanging can be so done as to prevent any feeling of pain. Very good; now we only want a few hangings exactly for the public mentals to carry his improvements as far as to the public mind.

It is stated that a great many wolves have made their appearance in our southern and western States. A large number have made their appearance in our neighborhood. They are in sheep's clothing, and are chiefly sheep-skin.

Some envious editors are speculating upon the success of the astonishing success of the New York Ledger. Success! Why, we had better remain liberated by receiving the whole to Large success.

Success is much more difficult weapon to wield than many imagine. It is like a fruit, which, if plucked too soon, becomes sour instead of sweet, if over, acidly lose your own.

The poet Pope says, in his advice to young married women, that their number five—marries a gardener, a soldier, a sailor, a parson, and a physician—to correspond to the month, but its situation.

A man who has a large number fiercely to his neighbor, that he endeavors at least to have a decent regard for his own character—for that is the best guide to his actions. He has been hearing them up for years.

"Why don't you get a wife?" asked a single man lately breathed. "What have you had, sir?" Those who have had, it is said, no up very well, as it had them, less trouble—and economy.

"Old Sir Isaac heard an old, red-faced doctor say, that he never in his life knew a man in six of drowning," and he remarked that he had known a great many in a short.

A LONDON every political editor assures his readers that he can see to dedicate friendly relations with his contemporaries, but that he is not responsible for the bad manners of his contributors.

A rich poor fellow who has a reputation to maintain, has a responsible, and a very hard burden, which he must bear, or will feel upon him.

OFFERS when the body is decaying, a superior mind is not necessary to make it feel uncomfortable, or to be hooted when it goes out of doors.

"Where have you been?" by quicks should be in haste to give their excitations to that effect. They generally use very much breath.

A FELLOW who thinks himself very smart, says in his letter to a newspaper editor, that, as false always and to pay up something for a *rainy day*.

CURRENT ITEMS.

As aged man, named Root, living in Wisconsin, went out to milk one morning, and was gored by a bull. Foster, an overdriver that the old gentleman and he with the animal, when a struggle ensued, in which Root fell. Some time after, the aged person were taken suddenly and violently ill, and died in a few hours. It was then discovered that he himself drank an inordinate quantity of milk, which on analysis was found to contain a large amount of blood, which and was buried. As soon as the fact was got out, the jury of inquest, which had sat with dismissed, for the purpose of hearing the evidence of Foster, who had run away, they got into a furious quarrel, and the old man was found to be insane at the time of his death, and to have been carrying out his will before he could.

A young man in Boston lately had a needle garnered in his breast and under his heart, breaking short off in the latter position, and causing him to die in a few minutes. To account this, the operating surgeon told him that he had swallowed the needle at the end of the needle thrown out by foreign. Inflammation had set in; but it is only safe to say that inflammation would have set in anyhow, since, knowing that even the heart itself may contain a sharp needle, he would have taken care of it.

A YOUNG man named Griswold, who was boarding in the house of Mr. Hall, in Hartford, Connecticut, and his rations from his gun by the ordinary means, stranged his gun, and was about to fire at a bird, the gun exploded, and rebounded taking away to withdraw it, not, however, before it had blown off the top of Griswold's head. Upon engaged, the gun was discharged, and the contents lodged in the ceiling of the room.

It is said that a wealthy merchant of Boston died leaving behind him a will, in which declaring that the proprietor of the estate should be his widow, if she married again, but that every woman or a widow, his estate but to his widow, if she married again. Some people and trade liberally; but the crafty merchant has not yet found out how to manage a woman.

A MAN in Milwaukee recently hired a Dutchman to work for him, and the latter went to work.

As the children of Dr. Berkeley, of this city, were passing through the house of the yard, they found from open in rain and observing the doors after them, a large number of the brown yard and found all on one of the thresholds just as the door slammed on with great force, and the rain had washed away the sand and the yards was instantly buried.

Only several boys were swimming off the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a few evenings ago, one of them was drowned. Another boat was procured, and, suddenly grew a shriek and sank beneath the surface. His companions hastened to the spot, but their entreaties had disappeared, and not rise again.

A FATHER in Massachusetts whose apple-trees bore fruit of the blackest character, thought he could reform it by tying a rope around one of the trees with another tree near by, and thus he commenced the experiment in the fall.

A NEW invention, called "Spondulicks," has been patented in Connecticut, and is for the purpose. When particularly crazy-drunk, it appears on a peaceful manner, and when completely stood, it at once sinks out the beat, and runs unbeguiled on the fire.

CLARA TO CLOE.

An Epistle from a City Lady to a Country Cousin.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

DEAR COZ:—In empty your debtor,
(Though in truth was commonly slow,)
For the very agreeable letter
You wrote me a fortnight ago.
I hope you are eagerly waiting
For all that I promised to write;
But my pen is slipshod in stating
One half that my heart would indite.

The weather is terribly torrid;
And writing's a serious task,
The new style of bonnet is horrid,
And so is the new fashioned basque;
The flounce—but nobody wears it—
Is simply the work of the devil;
My letter is worse with a title,
Very ugly, and tiresomely long!

And then as to evolution—Crinoline!
If there only could be one cream Bastile!
The fashions, I guess, are atrocious,
And yet we must follow their lead;
I know you will think it a pity;
And every one makes such a sneer of it;
But there it's a saint in the city
Whose shrine are entirely clear of it!

And then what a throne of rest!
To savour the odorous cost
Clarke says this sum is enough
To frighten a sensible lover;
And, grounding our arms are to blame
For every financial sicknesses,
Reason whatever must seem to the same,
If wives have another—extension!!

The town is exceedingly dull,
And so is the latest new farce;
The parks are enormously full,
And hence are decidedly scarce
They are gone to the "Springs" and the "Falls,"
To exhibit their grey locusts and grasses,
And meet at,—who knows?—the Madisons,
The Irizarry and Watering Places!

Since my former epistle, which started
The news of this envious plot;
Of Miss S. who cut and was married;
Of Miss B. who ran off and—was not,—
There was a whisper of scandal
To keep gentle ladies in humour,
And though it proved all a twaddle,
It dying for want of a rumor!

P. S. But was n't it funny!—
Mrs. Jones, at a party last week,
(The lady so proud of her money,
Of whom you have oft heard me speak)
Appeared at an afternoon whist;
When she spoke, through the squeak of her pickle-s
Of the statue of Psyche and Cupid,
As—*Sir details of Cupped and Psyche!*

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Fatal Secret," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE EVENING FEAST.

"Once in the festal board to sight,
For bright eyes beauty will be there,
Her coral lips to accept invite,
And garlanded her hair.

But where is she whose diamond eyes
Illuminate a pallid pure oriental?
Whose rosette lips of Eden breathed,
Sang, danced, spoke, as the heavenly sea?"
THOMAS DAVIS ROSSEAU.

The gentlemen then went to the dressing room, whither Lady Merrith, in full dinner dress, had already preceded them. And here Lord Montravore learned that other guests were then staying at the house—a fact that he never could have supposed from the dreary aspect of the place. However they were soon joined by her grace, the old Dutchess of Gravesinshire, with her second daughter, the ladies Jane and Mary Chappelle, and eh! "tell it not in Gath! publish it not in the gates of Askelon!"—Lord and Lady Ashford, and Mrs. Beate Howard Kensingh, and Mrs. Bate Trevor!—ladies who, in Lady Baurerness's set, would have been the most despairing in their denunciation of the beautiful Indian girl. But, happily, that female abhor hospitality they now sought! Does the reader wonder at this? No he does not! He or she knows this double dealing to be the way of so many people in this world of ours, and will not therefore wonder even when I affirm that there were almost self-invited guests, a party made up to pleasure themselves, and despise the medium of the Dutchess of Gravesinshire, all but forced upon the hospitalities of Hyde Hall. For in truth, neither the hostess nor her lord were dying at the age of three disposed to entertain a Christmas party at their secret old house.

Late in the afternoon Lord Montravore's valet came in a post-chaise from the Red Lion Inn, with his master's portmanteau and dressing case—inconvenient what appeared, but luminously necessary, for in truth his lordship's toilet, by reason of his hasty journey, was in a very unlovely plight.

A little later in the evening Lord Dunzleright arrived to the startling fact that he was late for him, and just in time to dress for dinner.

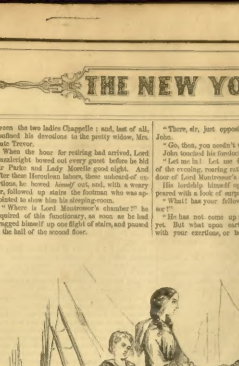
This Christmas feast was served by candle light at six o'clock.

A distinguished company gathered around the board, but something was felt to be wanting. Where was she, the heroine of that house, the father's pride, who should have been the "star of that goodlie company?" Missing, gone, lost! And though many splendid chandeliers flooded down their rainbow radiance over the whole scene, they would not compensate for that light withdrawn. All felt the glorious shadow of her absence. And very dull would have been this dinner party, but for the presence of the brilliant conversationist, Baron Dunzleright. Sir Parke Merelle undertook the value upon those occasions, and therefore, when in a moment of weakness to invite this Christmas party to his gloomy home, had, for this reason, among others, proved Lord Dunzleright to come down to Hyde. Witty, sparkling, caustic, he was the very life and heart of things; and to throw into the shade of this fat pet, to drag them into life and effervescence. And he did it. The conversation progressed—the jest, the joke, the repartee, and the laugh went around. When the table had risen from the table, the festivity turned to revelry, and laughter, song, and toast went around for an hour more.

Then, in good time, they followed Lady Merelle and her companions in the drawing-room, where coffee was served. And there still was Lord Dunzleright "the life of the company." He was but thirty-two years old, handsome, talented, witty, distinguished, wealthy, titled, and—unmarried! consequently he was the worshipped of all young widows, virgins, and unmarrying matrons. In the first part of the evening he distributed his services very equally among the ladies present; but, in the latter part, divided his attentions between the two ladies Chappelle; and, last of all, confined his devotions to the pretty widow, Mrs. Bate Trevor.

When the hour for retiring had arrived, Lord Dunzleright bowed out every guest before he bid Sir Parke and Lady Merelle good night. And after these heroulean labors, these unbended exertions, he bowed *himself* out, and, with a weary air, followed up quite the footman who was appointed to show him his sleeping-room.

"Where is Lord Montravore's chamber?" he inquired of the functionary, as soon as he had passed the outside landing of one flight of stairs, and paused in the hall of the second floor.



THE INTRODUCTION OF LORD DUNZLEIGHT TO BARBARA BRANDE.

"There, sir, just opposite your own," replied the man.

"Go, then, you needn't wait."

The man touched his forelock and retired.

"Let me be off! Let me in!" exclaimed the lord of the evening, rushing rather peremptorily at the door of Lord Montravore's apartments.

His lordship himself opened the door, and appeared with a look of surprise on his face.

"What! has your fellow gone to bed, Maurice?"

"He has not come up from the servant's hall yet. But what upon earth ails you?—fatigued with your exertions, or horse down under the weight of your laurels—which? You look, at once, as weary and as triumphant as 'a warrior who putteth off his armour.' What is it?" inquired Maurice.

Dunzleright threw himself into a chair, exclaiming—

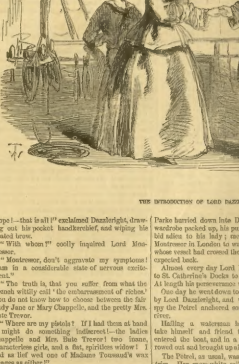
"Oh! three women! three women!"

"What women?"

"Three fine ladies! It is a weakness of the soul to try to entertain them for our evening ?"

"Why, what have I look at you more closely, it is not triumphant but desperate that you look."

"I am just a little crushed! and if some of them are not taken away to-morrow morning I shall



be—"

"Why, what have you been doing?—I have brought some bones belonging to my friend, Sir Parke."

"Good morning, sir—Willful! here—are to getting up this gentleman's freight!" and without another word, away she would go to attend to some other business, to some other part of the world—unceremoniously leaving "the observed of all observers" of the fashionable dinner company to blow his nails for vexation on the deck of the vessel. He called her "a wasp!" positively, a young scamp! destitute of the very first principles of civilization!"—notwithstanding which, under the influence of taking, with a quiet ease, another precious piece of baggage or other, he continued his daily visits to Sir Parke, Barbara's parent, for the last few days of the week, gave way on the seventh, "within view the Sabbath," when she was at the usual hour a boat come alongside, containing Lord Dunzleright and a quarter cask.

"Good morning, Miss Brande," he said, as he stepped on deck. "This is some pure port wine, sir Sir Parke's own vats."

"Good morning, sir!" said Barbara, shortly.—"Willful! see that this wine is put up and stowed away."

Then, turning to Lord Dunzleright, she said, with great severity—

"Sir, this is the first time that I have ever received freight on board my vessel under the Sabbath day, and I hope it will be the last; and I hope that it is now rather late enough to end with it."

"The inconceivable young bearess!" thought Lord Dunzleright, but to her he said—" I am very sorry, Miss Brande, I did not know your rules—"

"Then you ought to have made asking; it was not I who wrote—" Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day."

"I beg pardon—pray forgive me," said the young nobleman.

"Ask pardon, sir, of Him whose commandment you have set at nought."

"The most amusing young Barbarian! I wonder if I should have got a sharper sermon on Sabbath breaking, or manners, if a better breed humility in my chapel in London," said the Baron to himself.

"Is there anything else to come on board?" asked Barbara.

"To-day?—no, Miss Brande."

"To-morrow, then?"

"Yes, Miss Brande, there are Lord Montravore's trunks."

"Well, suppose that you just permit Lord Montravore's servants to complete this business of transhipping, sir, and get off from my vessel as quickly, better, and will get through it sooner," said Barbara bluntly turning away.

"Miss Brande," exclaimed Dunzleright, going after her, "I was presented to you by our mutual friend, Baron Rosenvelt, as a gentleman whose position are not unknown to you. I hope, in addition to that, you will find me a man of honor and well meaning man. I trust, therefore, that you will not be offended where I confess to you, that the great esteem and respect with which I have for the moment me, brings me daily to the Petrel. If there were any other reason for my visits, however, I should gladly avail myself of it—as it is—I am forced to this, hoping to cultivate your acquaintance."

"With what view?" inquired Barbara, coolly turning her head.

"With the view that we may become better friends, Miss Brande."

"You are mistaken," said Barbara, walking away and leaving him to digest this "fact."

"I am!" thought Lord Dunzleright, in a rage as he went to the starboard gangway and beckoned the waiterman to bring his load alongside. As he descended to the deck there appeared a new freight-vessel—commanding—

"Willful! call all hands on deck! I am going to read the morning service."

"I'm very sorry for that!" muttered Lord Dunzleright, in a succession of inward grunts. "What a young fanatic it is!" thought the same as aside, "and what a wonderful young savage! She appears to have no more appreciation of the beauties of nature than a cockatoo—which in character she resembles! Did the young Baron think that a gentleman—a nobleman—really was hitched—that she might become Lady Dunzleright?—he angry was the Baron, that, to prevent he went straight to Lord Montravore and informed him that his lordship's servants would have to see to the embarkation of the remainder of the baggage. And from that day, Lord Dunzleright went no more near the vessel.

But, nevertheless, upon the day before she was expected to sail, he went on board to inquire for friends of his intention—Lord Dunzleright inasmuch the Petrel, desired to see the "Captain," expressed his wish to take passage in a vessel which was to sail the ensuing week.

Engineer on put up with a hasty message by whom—in the steerage for instance.

In his vexed mind he now took a hammock to pace.

She would Miss Brande take him as freight? he asked, smilingly.

No—he had was packed from keel to deck, and could not store another hundred weight.

Well! Miss Brande would not certainly be so unkind as to refuse him a room on the cuddy? he could sleep on the top, he persevered.

"Lord Dunzleright, since you force me to say it, there is not an inch of room on board the Petrel at your disposal. Furthermore, under any circumstances, I should decline you as a passenger. Nor is it possible that you can ever have a berth in my vessel unless you should chance to be ship wrecked in our sight, in which case we should be

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HARRIES: MAY BE A HARRIDAN.

"O! she is a quiet girl!
Not a man, a man should woo her,
And when she comes to fly away,
To mind the stories parrot her!"
ANONYMOUS.

The next morning, Sir Parke Merelle, with a favorite servant and his luggage, made up for a journey, and arrived from Devonshire. When informed that passage for the party had been engaged on Miss Brande's vessel, the Petrel, he at first demurred at the idea of risking their lives in a scrub commanded by a woman. But in the course of half an hour's conversation with Barbara, he became convinced him that the inevitable dangers of a sea voyage could in no way be enhanced to them through their sailing with Barbara Brande, who was, in all respects, admirably well adapted to her present occupation.

His fordship then imparted to the baronet the fact of their accidental discovery of Melville's place of abode, and also of their final resolution to keep that discovery a secret until they should arrive at the Heathcock—a plan that the baronet heartily approved.

Lord Dunzleright rendered himself very officious and busy! Never was so zealous and serviceable a friend. He insisted that Sir Parke and Montravore had quite enough business to occupy them on shore, and that he himself should see to the embarkation of their baggage. But Lord Dunzleright, always, proved himself incompetent, or else willfully neglectful of his self-assumed duties; for the manner in which he conducted to spread the business of the day over an entire week, was highly exasperating to the prompt and energetic Barbara. For instance, one day he would see a trunk safely on board the vessel, having taken careful remark on deck by the boat, watching that handsome, falcon-eyed, commanding young Amazon, who had no time to talk to him; who took no notice of him; in short, who cared no more for him—Lord Dunzleright,—than she did for the old watering-cloak that brought him to the vessel, or for any other decent poor man. This sort of indifference was something new to the line of the London coxcomb! It was novel, piquant, provoking, incomprehensible. He mentally termed her a barbarian, without capacity for appreciating a handsome, brilliant Baron of the Exchequer! Nevertheless, upon the principle of seeing safely on board the vessel some trunk, box, packet or hamper, he visited the Petrel every day. And he was always treated in something like the following peculiar style. He had, he would step on deck,—where he ever found Barbara busily engaged—and, walking up to her, would say

"Good morning, Miss Brande! I have brought some boxes belonging to my friend, Sir Parke."

"Good morning, sir—Willful! here—are to getting up this gentleman's freight!" and without another word, away she would go to attend to some other business, to some other part of the world—unceremoniously leaving "the observed of all observers" of the fashionable dinner company to blow his nails for vexation on the deck of the vessel. He called her "a wasp!" positively, a young scamp! destitute of the very first principles of civilization!"—notwithstanding which, under the influence of taking, with a quiet ease, another precious piece of baggage or other, he continued his daily visits to Sir Parke, Barbara's parent, for the last few days of the week, gave way on the seventh, "within view the Sabbath," when she was at the usual hour a boat come alongside, containing Lord Dunzleright and a quarter cask.

"Good morning, Miss Brande," he said, as he stepped on deck. "This is some pure port wine, sir Sir Parke's own vats."

"Good morning, sir!" said Barbara, shortly.—"Willful! see that this wine is put up and stowed away."

Then, turning to Lord Dunzleright, she said, with great severity—

"Sir, this is the first time that I have ever received freight on board my vessel under the Sabbath day, and I hope it will be the last; and I hope that it is now rather late enough to end with it."

"The inconceivable young bearess!" thought Lord Dunzleright, but to her he said—" I am very sorry, Miss Brande, I did not know your rules—"

"Then you ought to have made asking; it was not I who wrote—' Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day.'"

"I beg pardon—pray forgive me," said the young nobleman.

"Ask pardon, sir, of Him whose commandment you have set at nought."

"The most amusing young Barbarian! I wonder if I should have got a sharper sermon on Sabbath breaking, or manners, if a better breed humility in my chapel in London," said the Baron to himself.

"Is there anything else to come on board?" asked Barbara.

"To-day?—no, Miss Brande."

"To-morrow, then?"

"Yes, Miss Brande, there are Lord Montravore's trunks."

"Well, suppose that you just permit Lord Montravore's servants to complete this business of transhipping, sir, and get off from my vessel as quickly, better, and will get through it sooner," said Barbara bluntly turning away.

"Miss Brande," exclaimed Dunzleright, going after her, "I was presented to you by our mutual friend, Baron Rosenvelt, as a gentleman whose position are not unknown to you. I hope, in addition to that, you will find me a man of honor and well meaning man. I trust, therefore, that you will not be offended where I confess to you, that the great esteem and respect with which I have for the moment me, brings me daily to the Petrel. If there were any other reason for my visits, however, I should gladly avail myself of it—as it is—I am forced to this, hoping to cultivate your acquaintance."

"With what view?" inquired Barbara, coolly turning her head.

"With the view that we may become better friends, Miss Brande."

"You are mistaken," said Barbara, walking away and leaving him to digest this "fact."

"I am!" thought Lord Dunzleright, in a rage as he went to the starboard gangway and beckoned the waiterman to bring his load alongside. As he descended to the deck there appeared a new freight-vessel—commanding—

"Willful! call all hands on deck! I am going to read the morning service."

"I'm very sorry for that!" muttered Lord Dunzleright, in a succession of inward grunts. "What a young fanatic it is!" thought the same as aside, "and what a wonderful young savage! She appears to have no more appreciation of the beauties of nature than a cockatoo—which in character she resembles! Did the young Baron think that a gentleman—a nobleman—really was hitched—that she might become Lady Dunzleright?—he angry was the Baron, that, to prevent he went straight to Lord Montravore and informed him that his lordship's servants would have to see to the embarkation of the remainder of the baggage. And from that day, Lord Dunzleright went no more near the vessel.

But, nevertheless, upon the day before she was expected to sail, he went on board to inquire for friends of his intention—Lord Dunzleright inasmuch the Petrel, desired to see the "Captain," expressed his wish to take passage in a vessel which was to sail the ensuing week.

Engineer on put up with a hasty message by whom—in the steerage for instance.

In his vexed mind he now took a hammock to pace.

She would Miss Brande take him as freight? he asked, smilingly.

No—he had was packed from keel to deck, and could not store another hundred weight.

Well! Miss Brande would not certainly be so unkind as to refuse him a room on the cuddy? he could sleep on the top, he persevered.

"Lord Dunzleright, since you force me to say it, there is not an inch of room on board the Petrel at your disposal. Furthermore, under any circumstances, I should decline you as a passenger. Nor is it possible that you can ever have a berth in my vessel unless you should chance to be ship wrecked in our sight, in which case we should be

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

obliged to pick you up," said Barbara, with great severity.

"Then I'll go and dust myself shipwrecked forthwith!" exclaimed Lord Dandelight.

"You perceive now sir, I am busy. Good morning. Avast there, Paul! what are you about?" and suddenly brushing off, Barbara hurried for her work after her hands.

"A Barbarian! a Savage! a Goth! a Vandal! a Cherub! a Dancer! and the best of sisters!" exclaimed, and provoking young creature I ever met with in my life! Upon my honor I do not know which is the most inexplicable—that I should become infatuated with this young woman, or that she should repulse me! By my life I do not understand it, unless she is ruled and has taken me; and I am 'a person of becoming mind'" and the "glass of fashion," as with a great fallen air he dropped himself into the boat and was rowed to the shore.

The same evening it happened that Lord Dandelight attended a ball at Almacks, where he was as usual the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," the rich prey for which unscrupulous mammas laid their plans, and missing snares laid quite into, for the wily young gentleman of fortune, whom Baron Dandelight obstinately refused to become enamoured of any willing Lady Clara, or Lady Jane, or Lady Anne, and perseveringly sighed after the dark-browed, eagle-eyed, lion-hearted girl of the sea, who must live for his betrothed sweet; and for her little brother's turquish hat; for the little little flowers that for that of Barbara Bellamy; and still bee to follow the phantom of pleasure through the mazes of fashion thus to guide her "Ariadne Friend" through the wild waves of the politest ocean!

But if this Vesta of the sea was all sufficient unto herself,—her admirer was no longer independent of her. She had wrought in him a phase of character as attractive, as fascinating, as it was novel and unparalleled. Compounded of the "spoilt child," the "petted darling," the "wilful boy," the "helpful, innocent butterfly of fashion, the Barbara friends was so full of vital force, of truth, courage, perseverance and affection! They "drove all the sea-coal and thoroughly constitutions Christian. He could not choose but love her more and the longer he reflected, the more he approved and admired her.

Leaving Almacks at an early hour, he went to Grosvin to seek Lord Montrower, whom he found busily engaged in writing.

"Ah, you are occupied. I will not disturb you."

"No—only writing to Blake, my friend, Montrower; I have done now" and he took his pen, rapidly folding, directing, and sealing the letter. "Now I am at your service."

Lord Dandelight threw himself into a chair, and cast his hat into a corner.

"What is it? What can I do for you, Dandelight?"

"You are going on board to-morrow. You are in the confidence of Miss Brandt. You will be in her company for some two or three months. Just see that opportunity to improve upon her rather hard head, that your friend Dandelight is a reformed man, not utterly unworthy of her love and devotion, even if he has had the misfortune to be enamoured in life."

"Why?"

"Because if ever I marry a woman—her name will be Barbara Brandt!"

"So!"

"If ever I marry a woman, her name will be Barbara Brandt!"

"You are mad!"

"Just what she said! But—if ever I marry a woman her name will be Barbara Dandelight! And I will tell you what I want you to do—just let her know, in a delicate manner, that I am an honest man, who, in spite of his outward, is totally heartsound hearted."

"Prove that to her yourself in person."

"Ahem! I think I see her giving me the opportunity! My friend, to be long or I keep a very respectful distance, and merely touch my hat on meeting her, Miss Brandt treats me with the same frank cordiality that she would a fine Newfoundland, huckster and portion of the Dock. But just as soon as I presume to address her as anything but a sign or dogma of consideration, she puts me down as quietly as though I were the Twin Dog, or Sea Serpent aforesaid, and when I gave her to understand the honesty of my 'intentions,' as the dowagers would say—she said me I was 'mad!'"

"Miss Brandt was right in repulsing you! What has she of accomplished, all-around-the-house knowledge right in common with that free, wild, irresponsible machine of the ocean?"

"What!—nothing at all, of course! And that is the very reason why he wants her, and why he must have her as the complement of himself. Every quality of Barbara's nature will become a new possession to me."

"But the difference of rank—"

"Fudge! I am I not a man of the people,' as the French would say? Should I not take to wife a daughter of the people?' And, in one word, if I cannot get Barbara Brandt, I will not find a noble dynasty—why, then, the first Lord Dandelight will also be the last of the Dandelight line!"

Lord Montrower arose and clapped his hand into the palm of his friend's, exclaiming warmly:

"You are right! I did but try you! You are altogether right! And she was also right in repulsing your advances—for she never said anything in firm repulsion are necessary as shield and buoy for a woman in her strange position. But—hearing your professional quibbling—you are worthy of her, and I will find a way of opening the eyes of both of that fact—and smoothing the path for your next overture—why, you may then set me down as no commercial diplomatist, like Talleyrand!"

"I thank you, Montrower. Well! that is just all I had to say to you, for the present. I will not keep you out of bed any longer, for you will have to be early to be on board in time to see the vessel sails with the early tide. The sky promises fine weather for to-morrow," said Dandelight, going to his window and looking out. "I will! Hyperion at a fall! Good night, my friend!" he exclaimed, returning and offering his hand.

"Good night, Dandelight—but not good-bye," answered Montrower, cordially pressing the offered hand.

"Oh, no, no! certainly not! I shall meet you at St. Catherine's Docks to-morrow morning, and my good-bye only on the deck of the Petrel. "Ta-ta!"

"To our meeting!"

CHAPTER XXX.

CAPTAIN BARBARA'S MODUS VIVENDI.

"For the dull waiter of the sun, the sea,
Our knowledge on boundless and our seas as free!
For as the lover can know—the beloved soon,
Survey our empire and behold our bound!
* * * * * * * *
"Oh! who can tell, save one whose heart has broken,
And learned in grief's o'er the waters wide,
The restless sense—the pulse's unshriving pain,
Then fetch the tranquiller of that trackless main!"

The next day was the fourteenth of February, and St. Valentine's day, and of all the three hundred and eighty-five, the luckiest for lovers' enterprise. The weather was as fine as it had promised to be, with a clear sky, a soft air, and light breeze from the south, heralding an early spring.

Soon after sunrise, Sir Paul Pender and Lord Montrower drove down to the docks, where they found Lord Dandelight already awaiting their arrival. Willful Brandt was also in attendance, with the long boat from the Petrel, to take the party to the vessel.

After a general greeting and shaking of hands, they entered the boat, which was then moved to the bargee.

The Petrel was, as always, neat and clean as a dainty maiden in her May-day dress.

The few hands were all at their posts.

Barbara stood on the deck, overseeing the final arrangements, and issuing her orders. She paused at the sound of the passing boat, but her countenance but frowned slightly when she recognized Lord Dandelight among them. But since the baron undaunted her reserve, he was not discomposed.

"We are ready, and the tide will be high by very early—shall we push on before weighing anchor?" she said, cordially offering her hand to Lord Montrower, and then to the others in a brief courtesy.

So that I shall be obliged to take immediate leave of my friends and bring them off," said Lord Dandelight, who had not been addressed.

"Yes, sir," said Barbara, curtly turning away—

"Willful! have the long boat hauled up and made fast!" she commanded. Then to Lord Montrower and Sir Pender she said:

"Gentlemen, accommodate yourselves, if you please. You know your quarters—and remember that if you prefer the dock there are pleasant seats in the stern."

They bowed and begged her not to incommode herself, as they would take care of themselves. And then Lord Montrower led a place of honor and escorted it to the quarter, Lord Dandelight began to blame his carelessness and was quite angry about the boat to the shore.

Barbara immediately relieved him of his dilemma by taking the post of helmsman, going to the side of the vessel, and hailing an idle wherry from the shore.

"Boat, ahoy!—come alongside to take a passenger off!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" sung out the waterman who began to ply his oars, swiftly propelling the boat in the direction of the vessel. Then, with a leap the poor Dandelight shook hands with his friends, wishing them a good voyage, and they would look for Barbara. She had gone forward and was standing there, to give orders.

"All hands to the windlass! And you, Willful, to the wheel!"

She obeyed on the instant, and the men and boys stood waiting further commands.

But Captain Barbara Bellamy approached her—took her hand and said, repeatedly—

"Good-by, and a good voyage to you, Miss Brandt! You are severe and even unjust to me; but you will know me better; I can wait for that! God bless you and protect you!"

"Hours are yours, sir! Good by!" said Barbara, in a manner that showed that she was glad of this parting hour she could safely relax her rigor. He understood and thoroughly appreciated all this new kindness; but immediately went to the starboard gangway and descended into the boat, waiting there with him.

"Up anchor!" shouted Barbara, as she saw the last wherry off.

And while the men hail themselves to the windlass, and heaved with all their might, the boat's sheet slanted and waving his hat from the rowing boat. On which Barbara waved her hand in reply, responded to from the decks of the vessel. Lord Dandelight's hand disappeared in the crowd at the docks.

The anchor was soon up, the sails all set, and the Petrel stood gallantly for the mouth of the river.

When the vessel was thus fairly under way, Barbara walked aft to speak to her passengers.

Sir Paul Pender was the first one. Sir Paul lecked pale and unnerved. He had never made a sea voyage before, and from the time he left the port from Liverpool to Cork, is all his life, and to begin it at once in a tempest, was enough to try the courage of the Petrel, with such an extraordinary captain as this young girl, was enough to try the nerves of Montrower—inflicted—to say the least, indisposed." He had stepped upon the deck with a firm step, but only about an hour by those of a condemned criminal stepping upon the scaffold. He sat down in a chair, and began to walking fore and aft giving he orders as though she had been for a month a hardened veteran of the mountains. Every order that she gave, and that the men obeyed, seemed to precipitate his fate! In the extreme fragility of his nerves, the sight, sensory, and stifling Barbara a handsome remonstrance from the passengers. But—hearing no condemns in Lord Montrower's judgment and a sense of shame in his own—he suppressed it, and his fears proceeding to that length. But now meeting Miss Brandt, he accosted her with—

"Young woman! I wish to have a few moments conversation with you."

"I am at your service, sir."

"Turn about then if you please."

Barbara obeyed.

Now Sir Paul Pender would be found in all England or Europe a more delightful companion than the sanctified albeit, quite competent to be a U. S. Senator, or Member of Parliament. But—hearing and courage in every lesson.

"Miss Brandt, Montrower moved; this was when her little brother Elroy—whom she had sent below, but who, in spite of orders, would come on deck and caught him in his arms. Barbara, quite accustomed to sudden shocks, took the boy from his keeper, carried him below, and locked him up in the cabin. Then returning to the two engaged in deck as cool, as fine, and as prompt for action as before.

At length the wearying and worried wind lulled. At last fine weather, with a fair southerly breeze, and on the fifth of April, Sir Paul and Lord Montrower stood Cherbourg Bay; and the next day at sunset the Petrel was in Dundalk Bay.

It was with the deepest emotion that Lord Montrower gazed upon the spot that had become the home of his childhood.

The setting sun shone full against the yellow Barbara Brandt, the grey rocky knob, and the cloud-golden light the leather spring foliage of the oak trees that surrounded and half concealed the old stone house upon the summit.

With the professional interest he contemplated the scene. That mansion was her home. There she lived, suffered and endured. There, from some hidden source, she had undoubtedly wept, and watched for, and gazed upon his form; while he, unconscious of her proximity, had, gun in hand, wandered through the woods and fields and moors around the place.

Where was she now? In or near that old gray house, undoubtedly. But what was she about?—sitting cheerily tea-table?—in her parlor, reading or meditating?—in the woods, rambling alone?—in the garden, ruminating? Where? How would she receive him? Was she, perhaps, that moment thinking of him, if not expecting him?

She would be greatly surprised to see him and her father! But would her surprise be altogether one of joy? That the loved him was undoubtedly true. That she loved him more than he own dearest life, and only that morning in the Petrel Cronkie had been proved. But would she now consent to forget her own horrible calamity, and permit him to make her and himself, in his own rational manner, happy?

He had a theory of his future brilliant destiny, which she had resolved not to aim by sharing, he had found. That she could be so firm as she was dismissed, he had ascertained. Could he, then, be able to exercise her, first, to him, he—love was the greatest good in the world?"

But, patience—patience! Very soon those questions must be answered—their doubts set at rest. In an hour he should stand face to face with his dear child, her betrothed, his long lost love re-covered Estelle. Till then, oh! throbbing pulse, be still!—oh, faithful, long suffering heart, be patient! Now was an old clock in Barbara and the crew, whom she was ordering to take in sail and to put the anchor. When the provoked her fascinate passenger, she came forward smilingly to greet him.

"Good evening, sir. It is a glorious spring evening—the air is as soft and balmy as that of Italy, and the sea as smooth as a mill-pond."

"Good afternoon, Miss Brandt. You, I see. Will you accompany me on shore, and direct my steps here, and whether you will go on shore?"

I shall remain at anchor through the night, and shall be on shore in the morning. I will go on shore this evening, for I could almost imagine the sweet air of home was blowing to me. I agreed to be your guide."

"Thank you. Will you remain until you of a promise you gave when you were here last, to show me over your old house—one of the oldest in the country, Miss Brandt, is you said?"

Barbara looked embarrassed, hesitated, and then replied:

"Lord Montrower, that promise did not project that I knew—that it was only the wish of the hour upon which it was given. And now, I hope you will excuse me."

Lord Montrower bowed. "If you wish to go on shore, sir, the long boat is, of course, at your service. I will order it to be got in readiness."

"Then I should feel obliged to you, my dear Miss Brandt, to give such an order when you yourself go on shore."

"I will do that with pleasure, sir."

And Miss Brandt now walked up from his after dinner nap, came on deck and joined Montrower, Dandelight and Sir Paul, and left almost after that she went forward to give orders for the long boat to be prepared.

"That is your daughter's home, sir Parke," said Lord Montrower, pointing to the grey old house.

"Yes, sir," said Barbara, without looking around, but with a slight tremor in her voice.

"Is she not beautiful what a desolate place!" exclaimed the baronet, in consternation.

"Yes, sir," said Barbara, without the desolation of the heart within should have rendered him insensible to the desolation of the scene without.

Sir Paul Montrower, evidently, had the desolation of the heart within should have rendered him insensible to the desolation of the scene without.

Sir Paul Montrower, evidently, had the desolation of the heart within should have rendered him insensible to the desolation of the scene without.

Not perhaps feeling the latent rebuke hidden in the tones uttered, but with a sense of awe upon the picturesque Headland, until the long boat was ready to leave.

"I am going on shore—will you accompany me, sir?"

"Of course! of course! I will accompany you now," replied the baronet.

Barbara then stepped in the grey serge gown, cloque and hood that was her usual out-door costume.

Sir Parke has also decided to go on shore, Miss Brandt," said Lord Montrower.

"Very good, sir," said Barbara, betraying none little distress and anxiety—"the boat awaits you when you please."

"We are ready to attend you, Miss Brandt—" said Montrower, with the studied gallantry, where Lord Montrower led the way down the ladder and having reached the boat, he put his hand to help Barbara to descend—it courtesy which the girl accepted solely on the principle of politeness, for to truth, or the heart, only assistance she was rather embarrassed by its offer as well as repulsed by its formal acceptance. He was already hand Sir Parke was next helped down the ladder. And when they were all seated the oars were dipped in the water, and the long boat glided swiftly over the starlit waters towards the Headland, which was now in sight from them. In a few moments the boat touched the sand, and was pushed up to the land. Many shadows of the overhanging, wooded bank.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DESERT HEADLAND.

"Death, break, break!
At the foot of thy crags, oh sea!
But the mighty grave of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me!
* * * * * * * *
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill.
But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

TENNYSON.

"What a place to land in! It is like entering Hades," said Sir Parke, as they got out of the boat and began to ascend the cliff.

"Take the boat back to bring off the boys," ordered Miss Brandt.

And when she was left alone with her passengers she said—

"Gentlemen, how can I serve you? How will you amuse yourselves? The sporting season is not yet. I regret that I am not at my father's at liberty to invite you up to the house."

"Miss Brandt we must make no ceremony and proceed without invitation," said Lord Montrower, gently, as if to silence in his manner for any rebuke implied in her words.

"What can you mean, sir?" inquired Barbara, with a look of wonder and surprise.

"Pardon me, Miss Brandt. You cannot but have guessed the object of Sir Parke Pender's visit to America?"

"I am no Yankee, sir; yet of course, as you say, I have guessed the object of my father come but a guest of his daughter," replied Barbara, with a glance full of sympathy towards the baronet.

Sir Parke responded by slightly lifting his hat.

"And would you, Miss Brandt, knowing the present home of that long-lost daughter, suffer her father, in his ignorance of her retreat, to leave the spot he beheld, to pursue his unavailing search in another hopeless direction?" inquired Lord Montrower, solemnly.

Barbara did not at once reply, but seemed buried in profound reflection, as if seeking the clue to some unexplained mystery.

Lord Montrower could scarcely repress his vehement impatience.

"Well, Miss Brandt?" he said, anxiously regarding her face.

"Well, sir," replied Barbara, gravely, "I perceive that you have somehow discovered the retreat of this lady. I only trust that it has been through no dishonorable or spy agency."

"We have. She is your resolute tenant. And we have learned this fact through no inadvertency of yours, my dear."

"Since this is so," said Barbara, carnestly, "I will admit, that I am glad of it. Knowing, or rather believing as I did, that yourself and her father were on the way to each her where she could not be found, in the city of Baltimore, my heart, through all the voyage, ached because I was not permitted to say to you—'Do where you will, but stay in vain at the Headland! Thank Heaven, that without any breach of faith on my part, you are informed of it. Sir Parke"—she said, turning and addressing the baronet—"you will let your daughter know this."

"I will, Miss Brandt. How shall we get up this steep? It is a very dark night."

"Lean on me, sir! Follow me, if you please, Lord Montrower! I really think you had better give your arm to Sir Parke. The ascent is very difficult even in daylight, and now we can scarcely discern the cedar thickets from the chasms in the rocks. Follow me, sir, and be careful!" and the way up the bank.

Lord Montrower took the hand of the old man, and with a wildly throbbing heart, that all his resolution could not subdue, followed. A few minutes more—a few swift, vivid moments more and he should see her—should hear her speak—should clasp her to his heart! Oh, wild impatient heart be still—be still—it is but an instant, and then! and then!

They talked up the bank; they reached the top, and there was the house—the scene of his early love, and the old home looming in the moonlight before them. A gloomy, forbidding, funeral aspect.

Barbara sprang up the rickety steps of the portico, thickets rang a peal, and waited a minute—two minutes—but no advancing footfall sent sound upon the listening ear. She rang louder.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling! Ting-a-ling-a-ling! echoed through the dark, desolate house, with a strange, vacant, hollow resonance!

Then followed a dead silence; they waited anxiously, and tried in the dim light to read each other's faces. Three minutes passed like an age, and Barbara pulled the bell-rope with all her might.

Ting! ding! ding! a-ling! a-ling! LONG! LONG! RANG!

It seemed enough to have shaken the old chimneys to their base, and startled the skies from the roof!

But only the phantom Echo was within to well forth her weird response!

They looked at each other, with dimly visible, troubled white faces, gleaming flashily in the surrounding darkness. A fear unspoken crept over each heart; each and seemed fearful to give voice to his or her forebodings.

Had the house been there before them, and forever set the seal of the grave upon Estelle's earthly fate, and swallowed up, as by an earthquake, her father's late relenting?

Lord Montrower's deep troubled voice first broke the silence.

"Miss Brandt, what think you of this?"

"I think, sir, that my father Barbara, in a tremulous tone; "but we will go around to the back of the house, and see if we can get an answer anything?"

And carefully descending the rickety stairs, she stepped her way around to the rear of the dwelling. The two gentlemen followed her. But at the back the house was as dark, as dim, and as still. No sign of human habitation was near the place.

"Miss Brandt," exclaimed Lord Montrower, in voice of anguish, "what is the meaning of this?"

"The Lord only knows, gentlemen, Barbara, in great agitation.

"But, follow me, gentlemen."

"Where are you going?" inquired Sir Parke Pender.

"Down to a cabin at the foot of the bank, where two old negroes live who may be able to give us some satisfaction."

And hurrying onward, she began the difficult descent of the steep, with a precipitancy more indicative of haste and anxiety than of a regard for her own safety.

The gentlemen followed with all speed consistent with the difficulties of the way.

At the foot of the bank she ran against the boys, just landed from the boat.

"Hey, where in the world are you running to, sister?" exclaimed Willful, when stopped by the sudden collision.

"To Uncle Nep's—stand! The house above is deserted! Where is Uncle Nep? Is he dead? Is he gone?"

"It is just putting off," replied Willful.

"Dead-drop!" exclaimed Willful, quick and suit with the foot of the ash tree."

Lord Montrower, who had by this time helped up the hill, now, slowly, sternly stood, and looked where the light suddenly sank into a hollow. He followed, when

"Here I am, Aunty, and here are strangers," said Barbara, as she came up.

"Love, Miss Barbara, child. I'm so 'joyed to see you, 'dood I is; but what made you go for to fetch strangers here and hook me in my afo cherry-day duds? If you'd a only gone up one time I'd a put on my black silk gown, as did stay, dressed, five-hours set chile, Miss Enol, gave me for a Sunday gown! An' den's my ole man in dere a-fooling de whole place wid his 'bacco, like a-mind in de order o' sanctity, which I knows as white folks don't like! Hears it any, you mis-begotted ole sinner you, an' let de white folks come in!" cried Amphitrite, breaking off from her discourse to take the pipe from her dark lingo lord's lips.

"Never mind his smoking, Amphy! We do not want to care in! Ask your husband to come here to the door; we wish to speak to you both," said Barbara, who, with her hand pressed on her head, now saw that she had arrived at the spot, seized the slightest pretext for delaying the question upon which the happiness of so many hung.

The old man came bowing towards the door.

"How does you do, Miss Barbra, honey? 'Dood las nightly proud to see you! How do Mars'r Sidney, honey? How de chile do pore?

"I am very glad to see you so well, Neptune, but have not now leisure for inquiries," replied she, old man," said Miss Brandu, when she saw that Sir Parke Morelin and Lord Montrosse had come up, and were now standing near her, in great anxiety.

"Tell me, Neptune! What has become of Mrs. Edell?

"The hearts of all suspended their action while waiting the one reply of the old man. It came at last in the form of another question.

"Mrs Edell, honey?"

"Yes?"

"De beautiful chile as lib up yonder?"

"Yes."

"De one as you rent de oh house to?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh! speak at once, and tell us where she is!"

"Done gone."

"Gone! we know it! but where?"

"Dat's what I can't tell you, honey. She done gone 'away in a wessel—she an' de young 'oman."

Thank Heaven that their worst fears were at rest. She was not "gone" out of the world! she was still living! they had still a future! all brushed about freely.

"But surely you know something about the lady's departure? Come! collect yourself, good Neptune, and tell us what you do know?" said Barbara.

"Deed I doesn't know a single thing more'n I've told you'; an' dat's de 'dolemly Marter's truf!"

"Don't you know when the lady went?"

"Dunno, honey, she went 'dood day; but she nare one I could not 'tern you; dough 'hope my ole 'oman might."

"What a idiotic creature!" exclaimed Sir Parke Morelle, in disgust.

Lord Montrosse remained silently and intently listening.

"Amphitrite, can you tell me when Mrs. Edell went?"

"Sent a mist' ago, chile!—'dood she?"

"Where did she go?"

"Dood, chile, Miss Susan—she 'cline for to tell me, when I ax her?"

"You don't know where she went, then?"

"'Dood Lord knows dat I don't! I wish to de Lord how I did?"

"What was the name of the vessel she sailed by?"

"Clare to Mercies, honey, I couldn't tell you, belie' so dere I don't know myself."

"Nor the name of the captain?"

"Nor 'dat's de name of de 'spectable, chile."

"Dumb! was the vessel she sailed in going up or down the river?"

"'Dood Lord-a-mity knows, I couldn't 'form you which. Miss Barbra—case de wessel come to anchor some time by de night, and she went in sight, some time 'fore day, she sailed up'ard. So we neider seen wheder she came up or down when she 'left or wheder she go up or down when she left?"

"Why, chile, when *I* seen her, bred poised straight up in de sky, wid a blue an' white flag a flyin' from de top of it! least ways it were a blue ground wid a 'mission big white cross on it, Miss Susan said, was a Union Jack—which Jack being short for Jonathan, and 'cross 'yourself de United States—made me think how she must a' been a Mormon ship. But now you know as well as us, as to how, her bred poised straight up to de sky!"

"Oh dear me, Amphy! we are not talking of the east bred, but of the prow—the forepart of the vessel!" said Barbara, impatiently.

"Dos 'shore to my 'Vine Master! I don't know de bred from de tail!" retorted the offended negress.

"Neptune! can you inform me whether, when you saw that vessel at anchor in the daytime her prow pointed up or down the bay?"

"'Dood, honey, she stood wyther up nor down the bay; but she stood 'zactly in de middle, right in towards de Headland here!"

"Satisfactory! And you do not know, Neptune, whether she went up or down the bay?"

"'Dood, honey, I don't know nuffin 'a all bout it 'cept what he already told you."

"Did the lady leave a letter or a message with either of you?"

"Clare to Marster, honey, de chile didn't leave no letter 'long of me, nor likewise nuffin about it 'cause to give her love an' de Lor' might 'bless you."

It were tedious to repeat the close and severe cross-questioning to which the old people were subjected. Suffice it to say that it produced no other fruition. The old couple had already informed their answer of all they had learned upon the subject of the mysterious flitting.

At length Barbara said—

"It is hardly possible, my lord, that she has left a note or letter for me upon her drawing-table, or somewhere in the house. Let us go, then, and second thither, and examine the premises?"

Lord Montrosse bowed in silence. His heart was too heavily oppressed with despair for many words.

Barbara told the old man to light a lantern and attend them back to the old house. And once more the party, preceded by Neptune, the old man with the light, traversed the winding beach, ascended the sunny bluff, and stood before the half ruined mansion.

Neptune, who had the keys as well as the lantern, unlocked the front door and admitted them.

The damp, dreary wind that must have blown out the light had it not been protected by the glass lantern, was the only thing that welcomed them.

They went into the barely furnished parlor, where Barbara found everything standing as it had stood for years; but no note or letter on table, stand, or mantle-shelf. They next passed into her bedchamber, where they found everything in order, but no note or letter. They visited the kitchen and library. Capewood's private library was the more successful results. And at last, after a thorough, but fruitless examination of the whole premises, they were forced to abandon the hopeless search.

"All else seems lost," exclaimed the lamented, in despair.

Lord Montrosse could not suppress a deep groan. His strong heart seemed about to break beneath this new trial.

"Let us hope," said Barbara. "We set sail from London for the port of Baltimore, where you, first of all, expected to find her. Let us proceed on our voyage. We may yet come up with her in Baltimore."

"Heaven grant it!" exclaimed the baronet, whose anxiety to find his lost daughter increased with the difficulty and delay.

Barbara then gave the old man, Neptune, the money and packets of groceries that she had brought for him; completed the other little arrangements she had brought her to do; and took her leave of her old servants, and, accompanied by her dispirited friends, returned to the vessel.

A council around the little centre-table of the cabin, they held another consultation.

"Had Estelle no friends or neighbors in this place, with whom she might have left a letter or message?" inquired Lord Montrosse.

"No, there are none but mere fish-catchers. And yet, now that I think of it, she may have left some charge with my solicitary at that village. So if you think best, we will lie at anchor near it, and send to ride up thither to make inquiries. What say you, gentlemen?"

"Undoubtedly, that is the plan," replied Lord Montrosse and Sir Parke.

The party then separated for the night.

Early the next morning they were under sail.

The wind, being ordered, quickly put the horse to the carry-all. Sir Parke and Miss Brandu entered and took the back seat. Lord Montrosse sat Wilfrid sat in front. The boy took the reins. After a rapid drive of two hours, they reached the village, and drew up before the lawyer's office.

Miss Brandu alighted and entered, where she found the lawyer seated at his writing. He instantly arose and came forward to meet her.

"Good morning, Mrs. Brandu. I am glad to see you."

"I thank you, sir, sir. My tenant, Mrs. Edell, has left the Headland. Has she possibly charged you with any letter or message for me?"

"Letter? Yes. She left a letter; how it is" answered the lawyer, going to his desk and producing the missive.

Barbara almost snatched it from his hand, tore it open, and glanced eagerly along the lines. But, alas! for an insatiable number of years, I do not throw up the hope; but leaving the key in your hands, I request that during my absence you will endeavor, by every means in your power, to find out the present residence of my beloved husband. Yours truly, Estelle Edell."

And that is all!" simultaneously exclaimed the father and the lover.

"Alas!"

They were not contented. They left the carriage and went into the office of the lawyer when they severally questioned, but he could tell them absolutely nothing.

They remounted the carriage, and, at Barbara's suggestion, drove to the dwelling of the parish clergyman.

This venerable man had attended Estelle in her illness; but he could give them no satisfaction as to her present retreat. All further inquiries in the neighborhood proved fruitless. Evidently Estelle had concealed from all the place of her destination.

With heavy hearts they returned to their vessel.

The next morning they set sail for Baltimore where they duly arrived.

For weeks Sir Parke and Lord Montrosse pursued their search through the city. Then finding that no information was to be obtained, the latter bade Brandu and of Baltimore, and began a tour of all the principal cities in the United States. Meanwhile they appointed an agent in New York to whom all communications for themselves were to be addressed. Then they inserted in all the newspapers, carefully worded advertisements, describing the appearance of the lost one, and to be answered through this agent.

After several months of fruitless travel, search, and anxious waiting, it occurred to Sir Parke that his daughter might have returned to her native country. And acting upon this idea, and still accompanied by his intended son-in-law, the baronet sailed for England.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

OUR DINNERS.

It is a vulgar notion that a dinner to be good must be expensive—a fatal mistake, preventive of much social enjoyment. To say nothing of those

> Who think true of good eating than the whitest,
> Who'd rather dine off a joint than off a jest,

nine-tenths of the recipients of a grand state dinner, formal and costly, would infinitely prefer a bit, a joint, and a bird, with freedom and a good talk.

> Boys, to little I care to dine
> Where the host is vain, and the guests are fine,
> Where the wines are warm and the dishes cold,
> And nothing comfortable but the gold.

Some of the most delightful dinners in memory have been the simplest—all wit, fun, and good sense, with merry laughter. Every day somebody looks make every dish a feast." The very essence of luxury is the absence of ceremony. And the dinners that one goes to offer but dry leaves instead of flowers; they are but mockeries of enjoyment, a waste of hours, through fear of giving offence. Let us be thought genteel. "Anybody can dine," we hear it said, "but it takes to be able to insure the greatest amount of health and enjoyment."

AN OLD ELEPHANT.

When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of Lydia, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription, namely: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, has dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found alive and hearty three hundred and fifty-four years after; and even he was said not to be the oldest inhabitant of the jungle. It is said that elephants sometimes live to the age of four or five hundred years. But whether best elephants in the race of long-lived. Cuvier says three monsters of the deep must nevertheless reach the advanced age of one thousand years.

SUMMER-TIME.

BY C. D. STUART.

O what an beautiful of earth,
As the sweet breathing summer-time,
When birds are full of gladness and mirth,
And all the flowers are in their prime.

How fair along the meadow field
The tall grass bends to fair and bright,
And nature's harvest is unsealed
Flush up amid the silvery light.

Unruptur, in the wild wood shade,
The flowers are blooming fair,
And a low hum of wings bends made
The bees are rejoices with mirth.

And a rich sound of song is heard
From every thicket, and wild grove all day,
And the gleam I never's echoes, stirred,
Make the beautiful hours all gay.

Here could I sit upon the ground,
When days long, never's shadows be,
And watch the small leaves as they pass,
And the bright glances of the sky.

Ah! the moon will wane while hours throw
Her cold light over Sleepy Hollow,
And the soft eyes of beautiful dew
Gleamed from my wondering bed of flowers.

Then let the stars hand o'er the hollow—
At the sun shines—and brighter days
Themselves in its far depths, and make
A mockery in the water's face.

It takes me not away from these
That summer-time, with its joyous things—
The odorous wind, the leafy trees,
And the bright colors of spring.

I am would hear here and about,
While over my head the night wind grieves
There many of the birds are singing
Her merry lining the sighing leaves.

And let me dream and dream for ever,
When joyous hours and friends have been,
And the old shadows to their prime.
When every days of life is gone.

THE MONEY LENDER;
OR,
TOO MANY EGGS IN ONE BASKET.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"Will you document this note for me?"

The speaker was a young merchant, in the office of a private banker, a man of large fortune, who had just completed his business, and was about his capital for discounting instead of in trade.

The shrewd money-lender took the note, and read it slowly and carefully, then laid it on the table of the hand, and a very firm compression of the lips.

"It is A number one," said the merchant, with a confident, assured smile, at the severe gravimen of the money-lender.

"I have no question as to that," was replied, but I have no wish to be bothered with a note that during my absence you will endeavor, by every means in your power, to find out the present residence of my beloved husband. Yours truly, Estelle Edell."

And that is all!" simultaneously exclaimed the father and the lover.

"Alas!"

They were not contented. They left the carriage and went into the office of the lawyer when they severally questioned, but he could tell them absolutely nothing.

They remounted the carriage, and, at Barbara's suggestion, drove to the dwelling of the parish clergyman.

This venerable man had attended Estelle in her illness; but he could give them no satisfaction as to her present retreat. All further inquiries in the neighborhood proved fruitless. Evidently Estelle had concealed from all the place of her destination.

With heavy hearts they returned to their vessel.

The next morning they set sail for Baltimore where they duly arrived.

For weeks Sir Parke and Lord Montrosse pursued their search through the city. Then finding that no information was to be obtained, the latter bade Brandu and of Baltimore, and began a tour of all the principal cities in the United States. Meanwhile they appointed an agent in New York to whom all communications for themselves were to be addressed. Then they inserted in all the newspapers, carefully worded advertisements, describing the appearance of the lost one, and to be answered through this agent.

After several months of fruitless travel, search, and anxious waiting, it occurred to Sir Parke that his daughter might have returned to her native country. And acting upon this idea, and still accompanied by his intended son-in-law, the baronet sailed for England.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

OUR DINNERS.

It is a vulgar notion that a dinner to be good must be expensive—a fatal mistake, preventive of much social enjoyment. To say nothing of those

> Who think true of good eating than the whitest,
> Who'd rather dine off a joint than off a jest,

nine-tenths of the recipients of a grand state dinner, formal and costly, would infinitely prefer a bit, a joint, and a bird, with freedom and a good talk.

> Boys, to little I care to dine
> Where the host is vain, and the guests are fine,
> Where the wines are warm and the dishes cold,
> And nothing comfortable but the gold.

Some of the most delightful dinners in memory have been the simplest—all wit, fun, and good sense, with merry laughter. Every day somebody looks make every dish a feast." The very essence of luxury is the absence of ceremony. And the dinners that one goes to offer but dry leaves instead of flowers; they are but mockeries of enjoyment, a waste of hours, through fear of giving offence. Let us be thought genteel. "Anybody can dine," we hear it said, "but it takes to be able to insure the greatest amount of health and enjoyment."

AN OLD ELEPHANT.

When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of Lydia, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription, namely: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, has dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found alive and hearty three hundred and fifty-four years after; and even he was said not to be the oldest inhabitant of the jungle. It is said that elephants sometimes live to the age of four or five hundred years. But whether best elephants in the race of long-lived. Cuvier says three monsters of the deep must nevertheless reach the advanced age of one thousand years.

MONEY LENDER;
OR,
TOO MANY EGGS IN ONE BASKET.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"Will you document this note for me?"

The speaker was a young merchant, in the office of a private banker, a man of large fortune, who had just completed his business, and was about his capital for discounting instead of in trade.

The shrewd money-lender took the note, and read it slowly and carefully, then laid it on the table of the hand, and a very firm compression of the lips.

"It is A number one," said the merchant, with a confident, assured smile, at the severe gravimen of the money-lender.

"I have no question as to that," was replied, but I have no wish to be bothered with a note that during my absence you will endeavor, by every means in your power, to find out the present residence of my beloved husband. Yours truly, Estelle Edell."

And that is all!" simultaneously exclaimed the father and the lover.

"Alas!"

They were not contented. They left the carriage and went into the office of the lawyer when they severally questioned, but he could tell them absolutely nothing.

They remounted the carriage, and, at Barbara's suggestion, drove to the dwelling of the parish clergyman.

This venerable man had attended Estelle in her illness; but he could give them no satisfaction as to her present retreat. All further inquiries in the neighborhood proved fruitless. Evidently Estelle had concealed from all the place of her destination.

With heavy hearts they returned to their vessel.

The next morning they set sail for Baltimore where they duly arrived.

For weeks Sir Parke and Lord Montrosse pursued their search through the city. Then finding that no information was to be obtained, the latter bade Brandu and of Baltimore, and began a tour of all the principal cities in the United States. Meanwhile they appointed an agent in New York to whom all communications for themselves were to be addressed. Then they inserted in all the newspapers, carefully worded advertisements, describing the appearance of the lost one, and to be answered through this agent.

After several months of fruitless travel, search, and anxious waiting, it occurred to Sir Parke that his daughter might have returned to her native country. And acting upon this idea, and still accompanied by his intended son-in-law, the baronet sailed for England.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

OUR DINNERS.

It is a vulgar notion that a dinner to be good must be expensive—a fatal mistake, preventive of much social enjoyment. To say nothing of those

> Who think true of good eating than the whitest,
> Who'd rather dine off a joint than off a jest,

nine-tenths of the recipients of a grand state dinner, formal and costly, would infinitely prefer a bit, a joint, and a bird, with freedom and a good talk.

> Boys, to little I care to dine
> Where the host is vain, and the guests are fine,
> Where the wines are warm and the dishes cold,
> And nothing comfortable but the gold.

Some of the most delightful dinners in memory have been the simplest—all wit, fun, and good sense, with merry laughter. Every day somebody looks make every dish a feast." The very essence of luxury is the absence of ceremony. And the dinners that one goes to offer but dry leaves instead of flowers; they are but mockeries of enjoyment, a waste of hours, through fear of giving offence. Let us be thought genteel. "Anybody can dine," we hear it said, "but it takes to be able to insure the greatest amount of health and enjoyment."

AN OLD ELEPHANT.

When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of Lydia, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription, namely: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, has dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found alive and hearty three hundred and fifty-four years after; and even he was said not to be the oldest inhabitant of the jungle. It is said that elephants sometimes live to the age of four or five hundred years. But whether best elephants in the race of long-lived. Cuvier says three monsters of the deep must nevertheless reach the advanced age of one thousand years.

IGNORANCE OF GIRLS: ITS EVILS.

The extreme ignorance of the generality of young women in the chief concern of their being troubled with nervous diseases, and of their not knowing how to employ themselves healthfully. When they are brought up without solid information, they cannot be expected to have any facilities or taste for study. Everything serious appears dull—everything that requires application fatigues them. The thirst after pleasure, so natural to youth, and the example of persons of their own sex and station, leave them no opportunities to make them dread a quiet domestic life. In early years their want of reasoning faculties renders them unable to direct their father's family, and they are not sufficiently aware of the necessity of acquiring this kind of knowledge, unless their mothers have taken particular care to call their attention to it. In high life the children are not sufficiently in the habit of close to needle-work, and they spend some hours a day at their needle, merely because they are told, without knowing why, that it is right for women to work; but very often their work is mere show, and they seldom apply to it with much diligence. What then is to be done? For want of proper education, girls in high life must be occupied with trifles: for want of employment a young woman becomes indolent, nervous, and sickly, and she sometimes herself to sleep longer than is necessary for health and rest. Her mother, therefore, her need her subject to frequent indispositions; whereas by moderate exercise and regular exercise we become lively, strong, and active; qualities highly beneficial to health, not to mention the pleasure that attends their exercise.

This indolent indulgence joined to extreme ignorance, renders young women the dupes of weak and public unmercenaries, and exercise a dangerous and baneful influence over them. *Well-informed women are by serious studies generally passes but a moderate degree of curiosity.* What they already know leads them to desire more information on the same subject, and they see the insignificance and folly of most of those pursuits which fill the heads of those know nothing and have nothing to do, are so eager. On the contrary, young women who are fond of books and thoughtless always possess a pleasant imagination. They are rarely the active dupes of life.

A VERY COMMON ERROR.

One very common error of parents, by which they do their children much injury, is that of the sending them too young to school. This is effectually done to prevent trouble. When the child is at school he can be taught there, and the school-master is made the nurse, and the poor child is dried up in a room with a dozen more, while time ought to be spent in exercise and diversions. Sitting in a room is unnatural to a child, and enfeebles upon the body, nor is the mind less injured. Early application weakens the faculties, and often does more harm than good. In school, at home, and in the parents' tenderness and filial affection, of the want of which there are at present so many deplorable instances. We suppose that it is only children whose mothers was to send them to school early, it certainly ought not to be done at the expense of their constitution. Our ancestors, who seldom went to school very early, were not so much learned than we are, but were longer, and the poor child retired to bed at eight o'clock, and was not allowed to rise before seven. No wonder if such hot-bed plants seldom become either soldiers or men. Not only the constitution of the body, but that of the mind, the former often proves hurtful. Children are much like sponges in this respect. Before school-hours their breathing not only renders the place unwholesome, but the mind imbibes impurities by the diseased, the rest catch the infection.

But, if feelings must prevail, and infants are to be sent to school, we would recommend it to teachers, as they value the interests of society, not to keep them at their desks for an hour at a time, but to run about and play at such diversions as may promote the circulation of the blood. Were such regulations adopted, we would be less troubled with fits of scrofula an hour or two, rule, each, or four, etc., etc., and we might be rapidly in possession of their time for these manly and useful exercises, it would have many excellent effects.

AN ABSURD PRACTICE.

The usual way of teaching boys declension is very absurd. What unfortunate folly to exercise them in the act of speaking without their having anything to say! Instead of exercising the child, while seated on their forms at school, the language of the master, the boy is taught the use of the power of persuasion, when no one is present, whom they are interested to exercise as persuaded. All the rules of declension are lost upon it for mere nonsense to them who do not see them for some specific object. What is the use of teaching a boy to say *bonus, bona, bonum*, when he knows he has no horse to whip, or a horse to ride, or a house to live in, or a man to speak to? Why not teach him to say *bonus, bona, bonum*, when he has a

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SENT WITH A ROSE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Oh, take my rose, 'tis a lovely flower,
And Nature plucked it in the morning's earliest hour.
When a dew drop sat on its heart of pearl
Like a tear in the bosom of a sleeping girl.

Oh, press my rose at this sweet sweet hour,
Between the leaves of thy favorite tome;
Then keep it ever, for it will be
A token of love from my heart to thee.

There's a rose, dear lady, upon the cheek,
But fairer and brighter the rose I send;
For the treasure dies pressed, unless the breast
Fly home, save me, must find its tomb.

LUCY COOK.

BY CLARA STUART.

She had a pretty, innocent, baby face; and her name was Lucy. She had grey eyes, but they were beautiful with the light of a sweet and gentle spirit. It was strange that no one took any notice of in the poor young office-girl; certainly, she was most interesting; if they would but have seen it.

It was a great pity that no one loved her; for, though she was a fairies little sunshine, she had a true and loving heart. All womanly affections stood listening and longing to hear a knock at the door of their pure dwelling, that the night of life came in with joy something to hold dear and sacred.

But there came no knock; and Lucy toiled on, week after week, sadly, wearily, and her cheek grew pale, and her eyes were more seldom lifted from her work; and from morning until night not a sound of her voice was heard.

That pleasant-toned voice, which once had been musical with mirth and laughter, the poor Lucy's three days had gone, with the mother whose love had been their sunshine and their life.

And the cottage home had gone, and the cow, and the much-loved sheep, that Lucy had loved so well; and the pretty flower-garden, and the little orchard, and all the green, tree-covered hills, and the singing brook, and the glittering river, and even the health-giving air, and the songs of the woodland birds,—all, all had departed in the single days of childhood; and the world now had for Lucy only a haunted shelter, shared with a noisome and irritable father; and the dismal room, in the internal pens and folk, and its everlasting write, write, writing. How had the days of the young girl darkened; and upon the clouds that overhung her heart a rainbow could be seen. She had written so long that her fingers required but little aid from her thoughts to enable them to perform with speed and accuracy their duty; and sometimes, in a reverie, she thought of things foreign to that office and its work:

"How pleasant it must be to-day out among the hills, by my old home; I can see the sun, and the clear fire all about upon the fields and on the water; and I know how soft and sweet the air is blowing among the trees and over the meadows. I wonder if the roses are yet blossoming on dear mother's grave?—I will I could go there. Oh! how I wish I could go and sit a little while by that grave, and gather some of the flowers that are growing there. It seems to me as if my heart would get lighter, and that my head would not feel so dull and heavy, if I could be out there for an hour. Oh, me! who would suppose that this is I? I hardly know myself. I am changed indeed. What a dreadful thing it is to have no mother, and no one to love you. I wish my father was fonder of me; I wonder why he is not; I am his only child, and I am moderate, why don't he love and pity me? Oh! I wish, I wish he would. I wish I could become so amiable to work all day inside of these stone walls, and among all these dreadful people, if, when night comes, I could go home to the arms of a loving father. I'm sure I have tried to be a good girl, and to obey him; and I love my father —only is it that he cares no more for his poor girl? The paper says some people have a natural gift or power to attract love—perhaps I am one of that kind. I think I must be, for I never seem to care anything about me, or even to notice me, except to tell me how to do my work; but I am sure I could love me dearly; and I know the cows loved me, and the sheep—but even they are gone now. I'm sure it would be a great comfort to me, if some one did put hands to talk to, and to have him lean his pretty head up against me, or feel that I was of as much to when I sat at home; but he is dead now —murdered by the butchers in the streets of Paris, in spite of all my cries and tears. Oh, dear! men are so cruel! and yet I'm cruel. I wish I was at rest in my mother's grave!"

Such thoughts as these were the daily companions of Lucy, as she sat writing by the window of the dingy office. No one was harsh with her; there was no reason, for she was always at her post, and her work was faithfully performed.

For two whole years she had entered as morning and gone out at set unnoticed, unconsciously, after the first week of her being there. And probably she might have continued to come and to go during the whole natural life of her employer, with never a word from him, except on Saturday night, when he always gave to the poor four dollars for which she was writing her very life away, and which had to be given her daily in small sums as carried.

Once, on hearing accidentally that one of the young men in the office, who was doing exactly the same kind of work that she was doing, only not half so well or regularly, was receiving almost three times the weekly pay that she got, Lucy ventured, with blushing face and frightened voice, to hint that she thought she ought to have more wages. But the rebuke which met her bashful words forever silenced her on the subject.

"You must remember, miss, that you are a girl, unfortunate creature! and that girls do not usually get over three or three and a half dollars per week for the work they do. You are very fortunate to receive four dollars."

Poor Lucy thought at that very time how had as other places six or seven dollars for her services; and that her hard old employer knew well; and he silenced her conscience by saying to it,—In the first place her large, good-for-nothing father would get it all away from her; and, secondly, there are few offices in New York where a young thing like Lucy would not be glad to get employment, and where she has no need to fear. On the whole, she is better off now than most poor girls."

But there came a day when Lucy was missing from her seat. The window looked desolate enough without her. Perhaps—probably, her employer had on such reflection so that; but there was work to be done, and he must have what the girl was about. A boy was sent to her lodgings. He was soon back to report to Mr. Burke, the publisher, that Lucy's father was dying.

"That's a good thing for her, certainly," was the comment of the publisher.

Now some rats are far worse than Mr. Burke was. He had no mention of injuring any one—

nor had he, to my farther, much idea of troubling himself to do them good; but he did rather pains to go, the next morning, to Lucy's boarding-house, and see for himself how things stood.

He found her father in his cells; and Lucy, nearly dead with grief, sitting alone at his side.

Mr. Burke told the distressed girl that she might draw on the office for all the money that she needed; and pay the debt as she best could.

"Shall you still remain here to board?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I've no where else to go; and the people seem kind and good."

"Very well—you will do no better than to stay. I approve of a contented spirit. Well, good day, Lucy. I suppose you will be ready to return to your labors in a day or two."

"Yes, sir," said Lucy,choking a sob; and then she bowed her head over her work more upon her father's coffin.

That cold, stiff form of clay was all that there was left to her of the one that was dearest to her; but, after much conflict of thought of duty and love, she resolved all on this, and

—now even that strength was taken away; and Lucy sat there, almost stupefied by her terrifying prostrate, without one single reel about which even its smallest fondrils might creep for support. Too sensitive by such shocks of sorrow to bring angels to comfort the poor heart that felt it. How can we tell why they be allowed to come in such suffering and "make no sign?"

But no whisper came. No one said to the sad mourner—"Look upward, child, there is a home prepared for thee in His mansion, who is better to thee than father or mother, and who has for thee many friend of earth can ever be. Give thy poor, broken, trembling, hopeless heart to Him, and He will wash it in blood for healing; and make it strong and pure and full of hope; and "as one whom his mother comforteth, so the Lord will comfort thee." And Lucy, in her dumb and heavy sorrow, was unconscious that any such thing could be said; a wretched and depressing sense of being alone, and had no power to comfort herself with the Lord chose to send upon her; and that she must not dare to murmur at His will. This we all that day, or for days after, had to feel, in the fierce, relentless Lucy!

Well, a few days she was again at her seat by the office window. A new partner had entered the firm during her absence, and Lucy looked at eyed her with surprise as she took her accustomed place; and she thought she asked Mr. Burke who she was. Lucy herself her name mentioned several times, and afterwards noticed that the eyes of the stranger frequently rested upon her.

Now that her father was no longer able to take away from her earnings, which might have thought it right to increase her wages; but he did not; and still the proposals was made by his partner. Then he consented to do so.

Mr. Chase, the new partner, manifested a great interest in the young girl who sat at the window by that narrow window. He soon learned where she lived, and spoke to the old landlady who boarded her from her. Finding that she loved to read, he lent her books, and sometimes presented them. He asked her in a week more questions about herself and her former home, than had been asked before since she had been there. He left him all her thoughtsand feelings; and seeming to take an interest in everything, just as he wished to make her happy. It is needless to say that for Lucy, the new partner was a kind, thoughtful friend to her.

"What do you mean by such conduct? Are you mad, Burke?" asked the astonished Chase.

"Will you come? Lucy wants to see you," was all Lucy had to say.

"There she lies!" said Mr. Burke, pointing to a shrouded form lying before them. "She diverted from her place in the office of the South Ferry boats, as I was crossing last night. I presume you have observed that she has been ill for days. I am not at all like. He watched silently for a week or so, and then, one day, he said to Lucy,—

"I think it only a kindness to you, Lucy, for me to tell you that Mr. Chase is engaged, and shortly will be married to a young lady of great wealth and beauty; and that you must beware of him."

The look that Lucy gave him out of her eyes of mingled pity and contempt was an epitome of wo. It stirred even his slow pity.

"You are not going to faint, are you?" he said, in alarm, seeing the deadly hue that overspread her features.

"No, sir—I shall not faint. I thank you for your kindness, and will be more on my guard in future," she said, with a proud effort.

"Well, I guess you had better go; and you needn't return to your boarding-house, if you'd rather not," he said, kindly.

"Well, I guess you had better go; and you needn't return to your boarding-house, if you'd rather not," he said, kindly.

"Where shall I go, good sight," and Lucy went out. She walked with rapid steps to the hotel where Mr. Chase boarded, and sent up her card. She was crowding upon the floor of his room.

"Why, Lucy! I'm very much surprised," "why are you here?" Then, seeing the anguish pictured upon her face, he went and lifted her up, and led her to a chair, while his own features wore a most pallor. Evidently he feared something.

"Lucy, what is the matter? Is anything wrong? What has taken place to throw you into such a state as this? Tell me your trouble. Why should you not?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed Lucy. "Tell me not one thing, Percy, and tell me truly, I charge you, as before God. Have you all this time been deceiving me? Have I trusted in you more than I ever did in Him who made me?"

"Why, Lucy, no, fellow and no beauty shall ever come me to forsake you."

Chase spoke with considerable feeling; and a gleam of hope shot over the face of the girl, as he drew her towards him.

"And you are not going to be married to another?" he said, in a half shudder. "Mr. Burke told me you was, and very soon."

"Burke!" ejaculated Chase. "He had heard aught his own business—but I am here it is—the confounded old snake! he set he meant to tell you. It will have to come out, Lucy, and I may as well tell you first as last. Yes, my dear child, I shall next week become a married man; but that will make no difference in my feelings or conduct towards you. I am, as I desire you always to consider me, your last friend. Lucy! and all that it is

A CHARMING MAN.—"Your sisters and aunts are both strong. Diseases that have been chronic, you should not arrogate to yourself the right to chant others. We know it is very unpleasant for a poor man to pay out his hard-earned money to satisfy the curiosity of others; and from which he has never received the slightest benefit; but your word having been pledged, and the member trained on the strength of your assertion, you ought to pay the demand. Surely you would not forfeit your word for any amount of money. If you would, then acknowledge it boldly, and go through the world with the consciousness that you are a knave. It is useless to quibble, and dodge, and overlook, and stand around in such matters. You must be fair and square, or we know what is wrong, and have not the courage to do either.

L. J. S.—It may be a very good remedy for asthma; meaning it; but we cannot say how much it has done in other years, that he behaved with such dignity under the circumstances. Of course, we are not at liberty to say, from the decision of the Senate in the matter, as well as the opinion of the country on record.

J. C. R.—You should be cautious about receiving presents from persons of whom you are not well acquainted. Even then, you should be very careful how you accept them. Under the present state of society, the respect of persons whose position is known is worth the value of the gift, and the giver soon turns his acquaintance into an acquaintance. Under such circumstances